

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



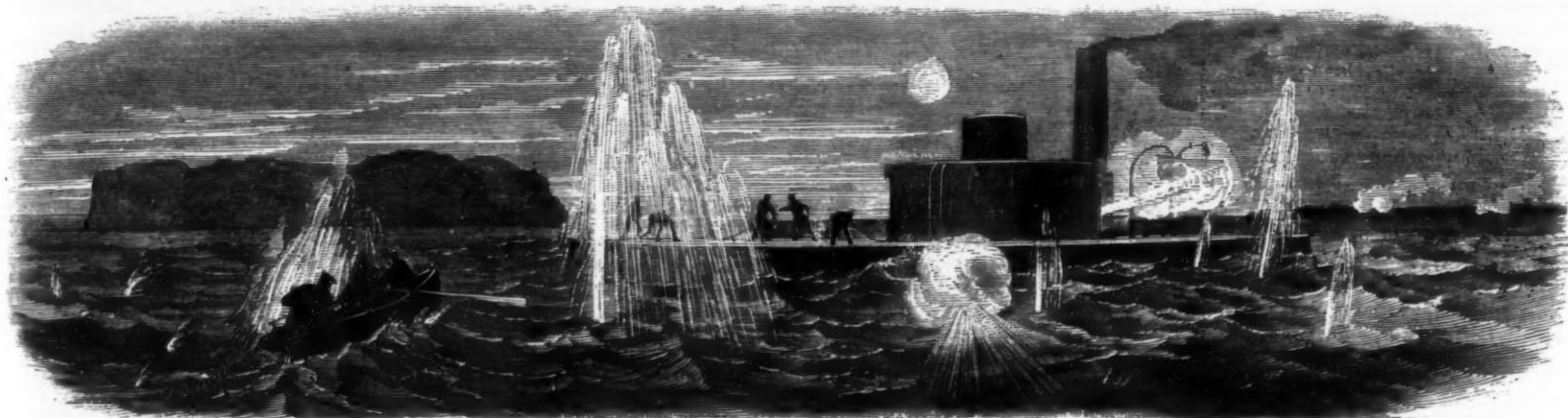
## NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 12, 1863.

[PRICE 8 CENTS.]



THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA—THE SURGEON OF THE NAHANT WITH TWO MEN CARRYING A LINE TO THE MONITOR LEHIGH AGROUND NEAR FORT SUMTER, NOV. 14—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE WAR IN TENNESSEE—UNION PICKETS APPROACHED BY REBELS IN CEDAR BUSHES NEAR CHATTANOOGA.—FROM A SKETCH OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. HILLMAN.



— The Rev. Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster, and too well-known as an author to require further identification, has been appointed the successor of Dr. Whateley as Archbishop of Dublin.



**Art, Literature and Science.**—John Savage's volume of poems in the press. It will bear the quaint title of "Faint and Fancy." Critics, who have even the profane, speak very highly of its contents, more especially of a "Sonnet to Hiram Burney."

—Aronis Jones, the young American tragic actress, who recently returned from a successful professional tour in Europe, is playing with Mr. Wheatley in "Aurora Floyd," in Philadelphia. Theatrical readers will remember that her first great success was Mr. Savage's tragedy of "Sibyl," in which she sustained the prominent character, that of Sibyl Hardy, a role in which Mrs. Emma Waller have since appeared to advantage. By all means let the public have an opportunity of seeing the original heroine here.

**Chit-Chat.**—The *Tribune* had a couple of amusing advertisements the other day in its columns. They were from full-blooded negroes in one of the Southern regiments, who wished to open a correspondence with two young ladies of the white persuasion with the ultimate view of matrimony.

—In his Thanksgiving sermon Mr. Beecher paid a glowing tribute to Queen Victoria for her unwavering friendship to the North. He attributed the greatest importance to her influence. This eulogium was enthusiastically cheered by his congregation.

—*Push* has two little patches of moderate fun out of its desert of dullness. We quote them: "A FACT IN ZOOLOGY."—It was observed by those who always keep a close eye upon royalty, that on each occasion the Prince of Wales has been to the Adelphi Theatre he has been moved to tears by the charm of Miss Bateman's excellent acting. On this being mentioned to Paul Bedford, he exclaimed, "Perfectly true to nature, my boy; what can you expect from Whistler's blubber?"

"A DROP OF COMFORT."—There is just one consolation arising out of this new old New Zealand war. If we abolish the New Zealanders, we shall abolish that eternal fellow, of Lord Macaulay's creation, who, on an average, finishes 365 leading articles every year. If there is no New Zealand, he can't well come and sit on the broken arch and sketch the ruined cathedral."

—A correspondent has sent us an epigram upon a vignette in a cheap pictorial, representing Washington and Abraham Lincoln paying against each other. One is on a battlefield and the other in a parlor:

There is but one step  
From sublime to ridiculous—  
Washington praying on the battlefield,  
Old Abe in the St. Nicholas!

—Miss Braden has abandoned her intention of publishing the projected magazine of *Mayfair*, having accepted the offer of writing a new romance for the *Temple Bar* magazine. It is to be called "The Three Sisters; or, The Fatal Secret." The first chapters will appear in the January number.

## How I Was Not Taken Prisoner.

I was serving as quartermaster of the—d New York State volunteers, in the valley of the Shenandoah, in the spring of 1862, and was upon the day to which my story relates out with a foraging party of my own men.

I am a West Virginian by birth, and was consequently pretty much at home on the ground over which we were travelling. Our column was advancing, and I rarely allowed it to go out of sight. We did not do our foraging on the rebel plan of seizing everything on which we could lay our hands, whether it belonged to friend or foe, and appropriating it by force of arms; but went out with a sizeable roll of greenbacks, and paid asking prices for every bit of provender we brought back to camp.

Many times on these excursions I was tempted to renew some of my friendships of years gone by, and drop in upon the wayside mansions rather as a guest than as a buyer of pigs and poultry; but I resisted the inclination, for the reason that it was hard to tell where I might find friends, and where foes, who, though they might be only passive ones, had it in their power to make my call a very unpleasant one.

This day I had been especially attentive to my errand, hardly allowing myself to look up from my bargaining with some sly aunt or uncle, when I knew that a pair of bright eyes were looking down from the piazza, or female ears were listening, curiously, to catch any little matter connected with the "dicker," that might be of interest. With this virtuous resolve strongly upon me, I was slightly taken aback in the midst of my acquisition of a dozen of ducks and a few score of eggs, the lawful perquisites of a stout wench, by a silvery voice that struck something of memory calling "Captain!"

I raised my eyes, to see above me, on the balcony, Mrs. Grant Wetherbee, once Miss Kate Cornell, and once my aome of perfection and Virginian beauty. Five years had gone past since I had submitted to have my heart torn into minute shreds by being present at the wedding where the beautiful Kate was transformed into Mrs. Grant Wetherbee, and yet upon the first glance that same heart bounded with something very like the old love, bounded so forcibly, indeed, that it sent me springing from my horse and up to the veranda without further notice.

It is hardly necessary for me to tell exactly how glad we were to meet. I say "we," because I can speak confidently of myself, and I am sure, if I can believe in eyes, quite as confidently for my fair friend. Nothing would now do but I must enter, and the names of the fair ones who would greet me I side were rehearsed. A more denying disposition than mine would have yielded when I heard the promise of finding in the parlors two of the most elegant women of Virginia, firm friends of mine in the past.

I believe that they were sincerely glad to see me, and I will not offer an apology for yielding to the cordial invitation, pressed upon me, that I should spend an hour or two with them, and share what a soldier has so seldom offered to him, a bounteous and refined tea table.

I accepted—how could I help it?—after stepping out upon the veranda, and sending my men about two miles across the country to a mill, where they were to obtain some sacks of corn, with orders, after that, to join the regiment, and report me absent until dark. The tea was dispatched, and we returned to the parlor, but my fair hostess would not hear me speak of departure yet. I must play one game of chess and drink some of that superb sherry I was wont to praise five years before, when

it made part of her father's cellar. Chess and sherry, with me of the most beautiful women south of Mason and Dixon's line! I was but a man, and I yielded, though I knew that our line had parted on, and that I should have a hard, and perhaps a risky, gallop to overtake them.

The chess had advanced but a little way, and I was conscious of spending one of the happiest hours of my existence, when the door of the room in which we sat was thrown open and five gentlemen in the uniform of officers in the Confederate service entered. As quick as lightning I glanced into the faces of the three ladies who were my entertainers, and as quickly I became convinced they were innocent. Fortunately I was enabled to preserve my presence of mind, and when Mrs. Wetherbee said:

"Captain Foote, allow me to present Colonel Ashby."

I rose quietly, and taking his hand, responded:

"I am happy to meet one of whom I have heard so much."

Then, with an introduction to the others of the party, we became seated. I cannot help admitting that there was a momentary embarrassment with all the party, and for a minute nobody spoke. It required the tact of women to rectify this; it was rectified instantly, and the conversation flowed smoothly. Our chess was dropped, but our sherry was discussed, as well as every topic but that of the war. This was a tabooed subject, and not one word was uttered upon either side that would have led the most careful listener to believe that we were soldiers warring against each other.

It would be useless to deny that during this time my mind was running on all things beside those upon which I was talking. I knew that I was Colonel Ashby's prisoner, though there was just the shadow of a doubt whether he meant to enforce the forfeit. I could not help stealing anxious glances occasionally into Mrs. Kate's face, to see if I could read there any indication of her belief, and as often I saw an uncomfortable recognition of her position and the fear of my suspicion.

At last the time came when I must bring the matter to an issue, and I rose to depart. Whatever the end might be, I did not intend that Ashby or his friends should see it in my face or in my manner of taking leave that I for an instant suspected such a termination to our interview. In fact, I had made up my mind not to be taken without a struggle; as it was but a few nights before that two of our officers had been captured, while upon a visit to some fair ones outside our lines, and the incident had served for some hard jokes on the now imprisoned amoratists. It was well worth a bit of a fight, therefore, to avoid not only being taken prisoner, but being taken in so ignoble a way.

I bade my fair entertainers good-night, regretting that it would be so long ere I should see them again, and advanced to do the same by Colonel Ashby and his friends, but found them on their feet and preparing also to depart. I shall never forget the minute that it took us to reach the piazza, it seemed an age. I had picked up my sword by the way, having unbuckled and stood it in a corner of the room when I sat down to chess, and grasped it tightly by the scabbard in my left hand, prepared to use it on the slightest demonstration. My horse stood fastened within a few feet, and I felt that if I once got over his back I had no fear of the whole party.

It was just dark, and we all stood an instant looking out upon the landscape. Every moment I expected the words, "Captain, you are my prisoner!" when I noticed a look of intelligence pass between the colonel and his adjutant. I grasped my sword tighter and looked in the direction of their eyes, and with a great bound of the heart saw my own men coming slowly up toward the house.

Whether they were deceived and believed them a squad of their own in the dim light or really knew what they were and trusted to my generosity, I could not tell, but after they had fairly emerged into the road I turned towards my companions and, with one glance into their inscrutable faces, I extended my hand to Ashby.

"I must bid you good-night, colonel; I see a file of my men coming up after me, and it might be unpleasant for you to meet them."

"Good-night, captain—I think you!" was all the response, and in a moment I was on my horse and had joined my men, who had returned that they might warn me of several wandering parties of "rebs" they knew to be out, and prevent me from being picked up.

I never knew whether I was a prisoner that evening or not.

## A NOVEL ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

A few days ago an ingenious attempt was made by a rebel prisoner to escape from the old capital prison in Washington. He tore out a board from the side of the apartment in which he was confined in the yard, and after breaking out a bar of his window, ran the plank out and securely fastened it inside, thus making a springboard with which he hoped to jump to the roof of a small building near at hand, and thus effect his escape. The board, however, proved a little too springy, and instead of carrying him 12 feet to the roof he desired to reach, carried him at least 30 feet, and over the building, among the clothes line, etc., in the yard, where he was finally rescued by the sergeant in charge of the building. We think the Secretary ought to consider the release of this prisoner after his lofty tumbling from the springboard.

**DIDN'T KNOW HIS OWN BABY.**—A citizen of Jamaica Plain, L. L. went to answer a ring at the door at the request of his wife, where he found a soldier and a woman. On removing the cover a beautiful child appeared, some five months old. The lady screamed, and the soldier took up the baby, and found a note pinned to its dress which charged the gentleman with being his father and imploring him to support it. A rich scene ensued between the injured wife and the soldier, who, after ascertaining his innocence, the friend interfered, and at last the wife was induced to forgive her husband, though he stuck to it like a Trojan that he had always been a faithful husband. Finally, the lady very reluctantly told her husband that the strange he did not know his own child, for it was their mutual offspring, which had just been taken from the cradle for the purpose of playing the joke.

## THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

THE noonday sun lay brightly on the chequered marble floor of the reading-room of a great London hotel. It was crowded with various groups, some glancing over the daily papers, others conversing, and not a few discussing the vexed questions of politics. Foremost among the idlers, however, lounged a tall, rather graceful young man, with auburn whiskers, and a pale, clear complexion, appraised in the height of the mode, with a superb diamond sparkling on the little finger of his left hand, for Tracy Leigh was—well, not quite a dandy, but something very like it.

"But, my dear Leigh!" cried the gentleman who was walking arm-in-arm with him up and down the spacious hall, "you certainly must be out of your wits!"

"Bad, if true," rejoined Leigh, smiling, "for my wits are the only thing I've had to live on these ten years!"

"Nonsense! you know what I mean!"

"Well, what do you mean?"

"That the gay world in general is astounded by the news that you are going to marry Letitia Wynne. Why, man, she's fairly at least, wears spectacles and has only three sound teeth in her head. While you—well, I don't want to make you any vainer than you are already—but you must be aware that you are a tolerably good-looking young fellow."

"All this is quite true."

"Then why, in the name of all the Furies, do you marry her?"

"My dear Max, don't judge by appearances in this deceitful world—don't be so. I don't marry Letitia Wynne alone; it's her money I intend to marry!"

"Money! and her father a poor clerk!"

"See here, Max, don't speak so loud. Listen to me, and then judge whether or no I have acted wisely. You know I have just returned from America."

"Well?"

"While there I accidentally fell in with Jacob Truax, a withered old foggy, with a skin as yellow as his own gold and a heart bound up in his own money-bags. By chance—I scarcely know how—I discovered that he was Mrs. Wynne's only brother. They had quarrelled when she married, and he had vowed never to see her again. We were sojourning at the same hotel; the old man fell ill and died, after making his will by which he bequeathed the whole of his property to his niece, Charles Wynne's daughter. I learned this of the nurse who attended his last moments. Of course, I knew that many forms would have to be gone through before the will would transpire on this side of the water; in fact, I delayed the matter myself, with sundry golden persuasions, and hastened over by the first steamer to do the disinterested lover. And, Hyacinth willing, the spectacle prize will be my wife before she discovers that she is an heiress."

"Leigh, you are a genius!" exclaimed his admiring auditor.

"Don't mention it, I beg!" said Tracy, with cool nonchalance. "Pray don't forget that you are to be my groomsman next Saturday, the day that makes me the luckiest of dogs, if not the happiest of men."

Max Waters laughingly assented, and went his way, pondering on the good fortune of his audacious friend.

The eventful day arrived, freighted with its usual associations of orange-blossoms, frosted cake and white ribbons. Miss Letty did not make a pretty bride—Nature had put a veto on that; but she had a pair of new gold spectacles, and her white satin dress was exceedingly stiff and lustrous, and altogether she was very nicely dressed, and really, when she kept her mouth shut, her false teeth didn't look so very bad!

And so Tracy Leigh, the petted idol of fashionable circles, married Letitia Wynne, and they set out, a young married people, on a wedding tour. Leigh was portentously attentive to his mature bride, and very skilfully concealed his feverish impatience to hear from America.

They had been absent about a week, and were at Brighton, when a packet of letters from home arrived. Letitia opened them in delicate succession, while Leigh sat opposite playing with his watch-chain, and wondering if Letitia could bear the violent throbs of his heart.

"Well, love, what news?" he said at length, as she read abstractedly on.

"News? why papa has had another of those nervous headaches, and mamma says she misses me so much!"

"Hang the headaches and the old lady!" thought Leigh, grinding his teeth. But he said, sweetly—

"Ah! what else?"

Letitia dropped the letter she had just opened.

"My dearest Tracy, such tidings!—really it seems like a romance! Poor, dear uncle Truax!"

"What of him?" ejaculated Leigh, growing white and red in the intensity of his excitement.

"He has died in New York, and left every cent of his property to—"

"To you, love?"

"No! what a strange idea! To my sister Juliet, who was named after his deceased wife! But we never supposed she would have any of his money!"

"To your sister Juliet?" repeated Leigh, a cold sweat breaking out on his brow. "I never knew you had a sister!"

"No, of course not, dear; she married a common mechanic, and we none of us ever liked to mention her name. Dear, little Juliet! she'll be a great help!"

"Confound it!" muttered Leigh between his clenched teeth, as he bit his lip until the blood gushed; "have I married the wrong sister? Am I tied for life to this hag in spectacles?"

"Were you speaking to me, Tracy?" lisped Mrs. Leigh, darting a soft glance through the offensive spectacles.

"No," said Tracy, quietly.

But his mind was made up. Letitia was barely enouchable as an heiress—as a penniless bride, she was simply intolerable. And that night, when the unsuspecting wife was wrapped in balmy slumber, Mr. Tracy Leigh took the joint pocket-book, and quietly made off with himself.

Mrs. Letitia Leigh returned, a deserted bride, to the Wynne roof, where she became a pensioner on the bounty of poor, despairing Juliet. She lamented her hard fate violently at first, but after she became convinced that her recent bridegroom never meant to return, she consoled herself with the reflection—

"Well, after all, it is better to be a Mrs. than a Miss, if your husband has run away from you!"

Years afterwards Max Waters met his old companion, one night, in the streets of Paris, so changed that he hardly recognized the dashing Tracy Leigh.

"Tracy! can it be possible that it is you?"

"Yes, it's I, Max; but pray don't mention that

you've met me—too many creditors about. Glad to see you, old fellow; haven't set eyes on you since the wedding-day. That matrimonial speculation of mine didn't amount to much, eh?"

Max did not prolong the interview, but went quietly home to his blooming little wife—who had possessed no dowry but her beauty—rejoicing from the bottom of his heart that he had never been that most despicable of creatures, a Fortune-hunter!

## A WEDDING STORY.

FUNNY and witty as anything in Gil Blas is the story going the rounds here of what befell the other day at a wedding party. Mademoiselle X. of the humble walks was espoused to Monsieur Y. of a parallel path. The union legalized at the Maré and blessed at the church was in course of social sanction at the restaurant of the Cadran Bleu. The feast was nearly over, and dancing about to begin in the dining hall engaged for the purpose, as is the pleasant jolly wont of French custom. It was the moment, in observance of another obsolescent custom, for the rape of the bride's garter. A scapegrace of a nephew slipped under the table in pursuit of his execution, suddenly broke up and forth, crying at the top of his lungs, "A tooth! who's lost a tooth?" "It's my sister," she lost it yesterday, and I found it," shrilly cried an infant terrible, the youngest brother of the bride. What else could she best do—poor elderly girl—but take refuge from the embarrassment in a fainting fit. F there, mothers, aunts and uncles busied themselves about her; young girls with fine teeth laughed outright; more ancient females and boys men giggled primly; rightly poised guests kicked the malicious coverer of the tooth; the bride's mother boxed the ears of its American Vespene, the youngest daughter. Colossal water, Seine water, a deluge of contributed essences, freely administered by the bride-room brought his lady "to." "Where am I?" murmured the poor thing. "In the midst of your friends—in your husband's arms." "What has happened, then, mon Dieu?"

"Alas!"

"Ah! Say, what horror?"

"Enough to make one tear his hair out by the roots," quoth the new husband, and suiting the action to the phrase, he clutched both hands in his luxuriant locks and tore off a magnificent wig. Loud applause from the company, appreciating with French readiness this witty saving of the situation, greeted the husband's generous act, which was further rewarded by a glance full of gratitude from the wife which promised that, if she were not as young as might be, she would be as good as new.

## A JOKE THAT WAS NOT ALL A JOKE.

A FEW weeks ago a man who had been drafted in this district came in town and had an interview in regard to his case with the commissioner. Now, everybody who knows the commissioner is perhaps aware of his "peculiarities," and to such he needs no introduction. The gentleman was evidently one of those who could not leave home nor yet able to pay his commutation money. There was no alternative, therefore, but to obtain an exemption, in claiming this, he said—

"I have a brother in the army."

"That's good," replied the commissioner.

"I am the sole support of the family," continued the man.

"That's good," exclaimed the commissioner.

"My father is dead," added the man.

"That's good," emphasized the commissioner.

The gentleman, who evidently did not understand the commissioner, and looking at him with amazement, exclaimed—

"What! good that my father is dead?"

"Oh, no," replied the commissioner, "good point, good point."

In due course of time the gentleman's case came before the Board—and he was exempted. And in the language of the commissioner he exclaimed, "That's good!"

In 1844 a young man left a village near Chamouni on a pilgrimage to the Convent of St. Bernard, in consequence of a vow made before gaining the title of the village. After leaving the convent, he went to several places and bought some linen with the intention of smuggling it across the Sardinian frontier. To do this he had to go by an unfrequented track. He had started on his perilous journey, and was never heard of again until a few weeks ago, when a shepherd who had lost his way, on jumping across a glacier, saw a white spectral light. The rays of the sinking sun illuminated a gulf of ice, looking like a vast crystal cavern, in the midst of which was the figure of a man, lying flat on his back, with apparently open eyes, and hands folded across his breast, and with a large parcel, serving as a pillow, under his head. The shepherd halted at the top of his voice, and then screamed; but not a voice answered from below. At break of dawn next morning a party of mountaineers, guided by the shepherd, and provided with ropes and axes, set out for the spot. The crystal sarcophagus was soon found, and the boldest of the company was let down to the depth, from which he brought in his arms the body of a young man, frozen, and hard as stone, yet looking well fresh and life-like. Attached to the corpse, by a mass of ice, was a parcel containing a new piece of linen; while a watch in the coat pocket of the dead man, with broken glass, but not otherwise damaged, showed the hour of noon. Two elderly peasants at once recognized the features as those of the pilgrim of Pasty, mysteriously lost nineteen years ago. Embalmed in ice, decay had not yet touched his flesh, and he had lain undisturbed in his crystal coffin while a generation of men passed away over his head. The pilgrim, dead nineteen years, was carried to his former home, and left at the cottage of the young widow of Pasty, now young no more, but an elderly gray-haired woman. The man who had never before seen his father, made him a wooden coffin, and, to his honor and memory, kept the body lying in state for twenty-four hours.

**WILLING TO MAKE IT RIGHT.**—Mr. M., of Northern Vermont, is not distinguished for liberality, either of purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The loss, whether real or fancied, of a few cents would give him more pain than the destruction of four entire navies. He one day bought a large cake of tallow at a country store at 10 cents a pound. On bearing it to his place at home, he was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of cupidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entered in great excitement, bearing the tallow, and exclaiming:

"Here, you rascal, you have deceived me! Do you call that an honest cake of tallow? It is hollow, and there isn't near so much of it as there appeared to be. I want you to make it right!"

"Certainly, certainly," replied the merchant. "I'll make it right. I don't know the cake was hollow. Let me see you paid 10 cents per pound. Now, Mr. M., how much do you suppose the hole would weigh?"

Mr. M. returned home with the dishonest tallow, but was never quite satisfied that he had been cheated by buying holes at 10 cents per pound.

**A MINISTER** had a quarrel with one of his parishioners by the name of Hardy, who showed considerable resentment. On the succeeding Sunday the vicar preached from the following text, which he pronounced with great emphasis, and with a significant look at Mr. Y., who was present: "There is no fool like the fool-hardy."





THE WAR IN MISSISSIPPI—GENERAL M'PHERSON ENTERING CLINTON, MISS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

**FAN MADE BY TIFFANY & CO.,**  
One of the Bridal Presents of Miss Chase.

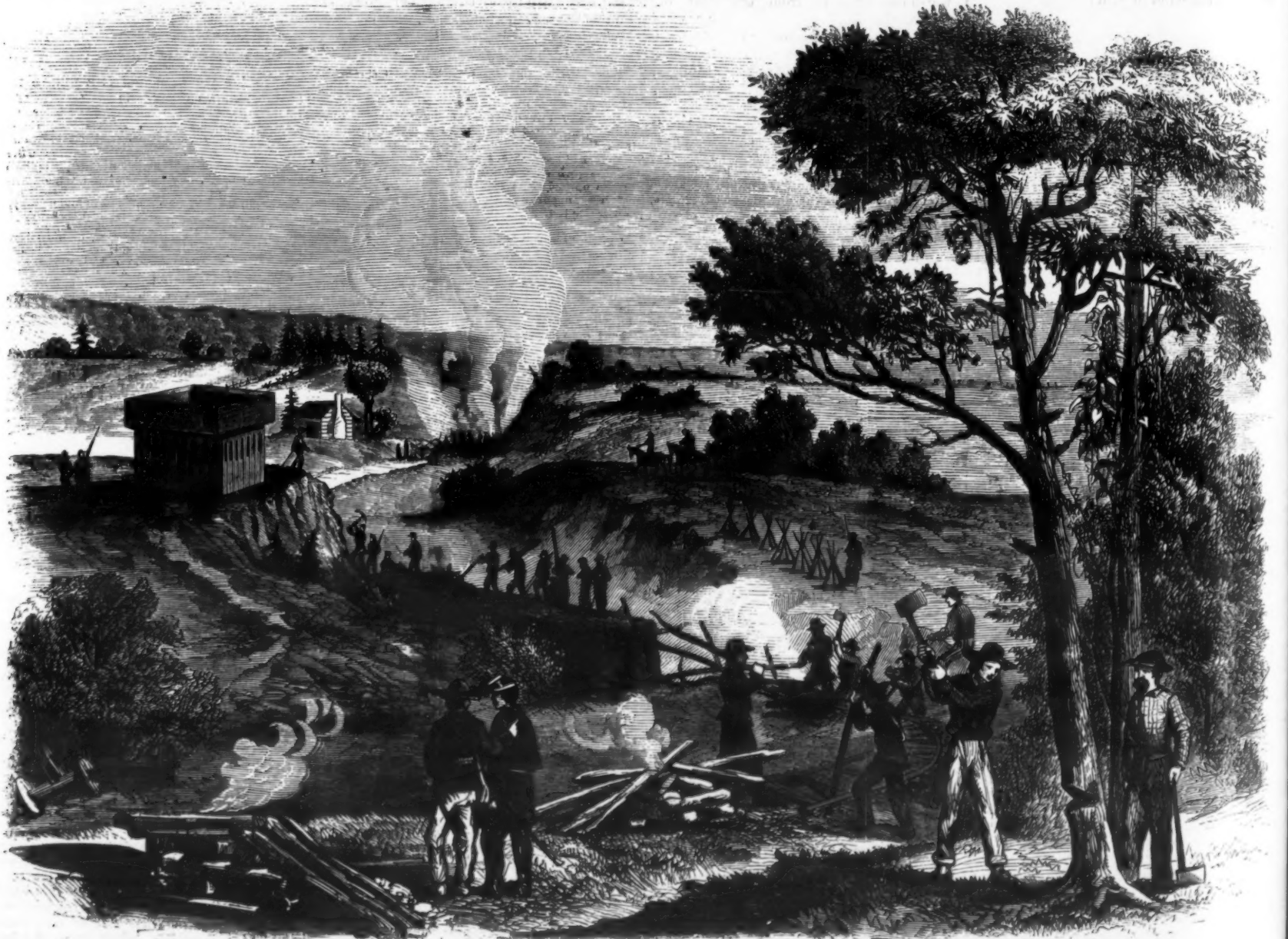
THE subject of the accompanying illustration was the gift of C. W. Frederickson, of this city, to Miss Kate Chase, on the occasion of her marriage to Senator Sprague. Among fans, from rareness of

material and exquisite handwork, it seems to us that this offering to an American lady must hold a distinguished, not to say a unique, position. The design of the affair is so obvious as to render an elaborate description superfluous. The thirteen arrows of which the whole is composed are made of sterling silver, the open work being of that beautiful delicacy for which the Genoese have hitherto claimed an artistic

superiority. The shields of the States, affixed in historical succession, are of pure gold, as are also the inscription shield, the armorial blazons, etc. The arrows are secured at the conjunction by a bolt, headed on one side by a sapphire, and on the other by a ruby; thus, with the clear sheen of the silver, furnishing the national red, white and blue. The tassel of silk floss and its rich cord are of the same combined colors. The inscription reads as follows:

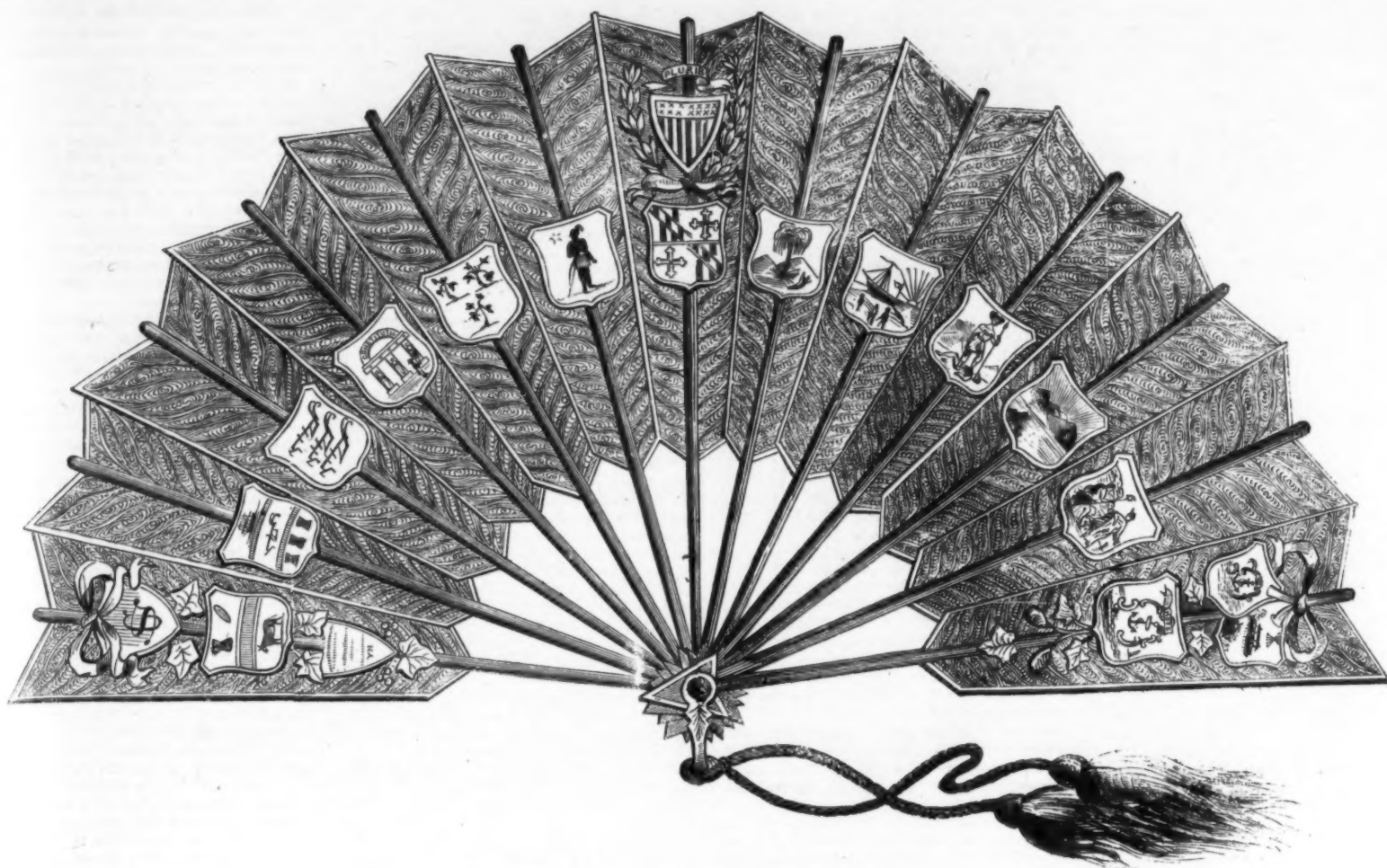
Designed and Presented to the  
HON. MRS. W. M. SPRAGUE  
by  
C. W. FREDERICKSON,  
of New York.

Altogether this superb fan is an admirable artistic result. We learn that its unique design was original with Mr. Frederickson. It was made by Tiffany & Co., of this city.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—REBELS DESTROYING A RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.





SUPERB FAN, PRESENTED TO MISS CHASE AS A WEDDING GIFT.  
MANUFACTURED BY MESSRS. TIFFANY & CO., 550 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, AT A COST OF OVER \$400.

### THE HORSE OF THE DESERT.

FROM THE ARABIC—BY FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

My steed is black—my steed is black,  
As a moonless and starless night;  
He was foaled in wide deserts without a track,  
He drinks the wind in flight;



So drank the wind his sire before him,  
And high of blood the dam that bore him.  
In days when the hot war-smoke rises high  
My comrades hail him as the unwing'd flier,  
His speed outstrips the very lightning fire—  
May God preserve him from each evil eye.

Like the gazelle's his ever-quivering ears,  
His eyes gleam softly as a woman's, when  
Her looks of love are full;  
His nostrils gape, dark as the lion's den,  
And, in the shock of battle, he uprears  
The forehead of a bull.

His croup, his flanks, his shoulders, all are long,  
His legs are flat, his quarters clean and round,  
Snake-like his tail shoots out, his hocks are strong.

Such as the desert ostrich bear along,  
And his lithe fetlocks spurn the echoing ground.

As my own soul I trust him, without fear,  
No mortal ever yet bestrode his peer.

His flesh is as the zebra's firm, he glides  
Fox-like, whilst cantering slow across the plain;

But, when at speed, his limbs put on  
The wolf's long gallop, and untiring strides.

Yes, in one day he does the work of five;  
No spur his spirit wakes,  
But each strong vein and sinew seems alive  
At every bound he makes.  
Over the pathless sand he darteth, straight  
As God's keen arrow from the bow of fate;  
Or like some thirsty dove, first of the flock,  
Towards water hidden in a hollow rock.

A war-horse true, to front the clash of swords,  
He loves to hound the lion to his lair;  
Glory, with beauty won from alien hordes,  
And the soft voices of our virgins fair,  
Fill him with fierce delight.

When on his back through peril's heat I break,  
His neighings call the vultures down, and shake  
Each foeman's soul with sudden fright;  
On him I fear not death, she shrinks aside,  
Scared by the echoing thunder of his stride.

My darling says, "Come, come to me alone,  
Through night and silence come to me,  
mine own."  
(O stranger, from beyond the howling seas,  
Leave, leave those flowers,  
Whose bloom is ours,  
To the love-murmur of their native bees).

Then, by some sweet and subtle instinct taught,  
He learns to read aright each secret thought.  
Obedient to the impulse which I feel,  
As to my hand this lifeless steel,  
Like a hawk, sweeping homeward to her nest,  
Strong in his quenchless will,  
He rushes onward still,  
That I may clasp the loved-one to my breast;  
But whilst I lay me down, with happy sighs,  
Under the light of those entrancing eyes,  
In some secluded spot, beyond her door,  
With countless dangers near, he stands alone,  
As if his fiery heart were changed to stone;  
And champs his bit till I return once more.  
By our great Prophet's head, this matchless horse  
Is the true pearl of every caravan;  
The light and life of all our camps—the force  
And glory of his clan.

Then, by some sweet and subtle instinct taught,  
He learns to read aright each secret thought.  
Obedient to the impulse which I feel,  
As to my hand this lifeless steel,  
Like a hawk, sweeping homeward to her nest,  
Strong in his quenchless will,  
He rushes onward still,  
That I may clasp the loved-one to my breast;  
But whilst I lay me down, with happy sighs,  
Under the light of those entrancing eyes,  
In some secluded spot, beyond her door,  
With countless dangers near, he stands alone,  
As if his fiery heart were changed to stone;  
And champs his bit till I return once more.  
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The Searcher of the Slain.

But if change come, and angry fate  
Hold forth her bitter cup to drink,  
The path of honor still is straight,  
From thence I shall not shrink.  
I shall live nobly yet, if ills are borne,  
In patient trust;  
I shall be rich enough, if I can scorn  
The sordid lust



The Spy.

Of gold, and look for happier days, to bloom  
Beyond the night-frost of the tomb.  
Yea, though misfortune's iron hand  
Should smite me with her heaviest rod,  
I shall be strong enough to stand,  
And praise the name of God.

### Jonathan Ruggles:

#### A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

IN the spring of the year 1777 a man named Jonathan Ruggles made his appearance, with his family and household effects, in the then little village of Bennington, Vermont. If he had been there before, as he must have been, his presence had been unnoticed by the village gossips, who, in fact, had too much to do with rumors of an approaching invasion from the North to pay the usual attentions to the quiet stranger.

But as he took possession of one of the best houses in the village, which, it was soon found, he bought and paid for in gold, the good people of the place became greatly exercised at their lack of information concerning his antecedents and intentions. It was plain that his affairs needed looking into.

Inquiries concerning him met with little success. That he came from a distant city, and brought finer and more costly furniture than had been seen before; that he had a library and beautiful pictures that had been painted in foreign lands; that he was a refined and delicate man, unused to the rough life of a border town; that his family consisted of a dull, and, it was suspected, deep serving man,



called Jacob; an old negro woman, whose unmouthable jargon was wonderfully useful in keeping up talk and telling nothing; and a golden-haired child, called Ellie, were the meagre results of anxious days of collaboration.

Some, indeed, hinted gravely of half-discovered secrets, of flashing jewels seen through soft wrappings in half-open drawers, and folded dresses of glittering silk; and especially of a veiled picture, through whose dark covering the outline of a lady's face was seen—a face so luminous that it shone like the unrisen moon on the mountain tops, or like the pillar of fire through the darkness of Egypt.

But these wonder-seers were considered persons of phosphorescent imaginations and not to be trusted. Then came a lull of ineffectual curiosity, as tidings of the approaching enemy reached the excited frontier town, and Jonathan Ruggles and his family went their ways in outward peace.

In that half-wild community he was a singular man. The most cunning questions could not penetrate his reserve on personal subjects, while he mixed freely with the sturdy yeomanry, and soon became a kind of mouthpiece for them, through which they could express their excited and confused ideas.

Did a knot of hardheaded, tongue-tied farmers meet on a rainy day in the blacksmith's shop and get into a hot discussion about the war, Ruggles, passing by, would step in, and in a few clear words say just what each one was trying to utter, but could not. Were there absurd guesses about the coming invasion, he could tell what would be the course of events so clearly that all were satisfied that his view could be the only correct one.

So the spring passed between hopes and fears, sudden armings and quiet returns to farm labor, alarms of Indian forays and grave preparations for the doubtful future. At night men first thought of their firearms, then of their wives and children, then of their country, and last of God and death.

In spite of all excitements, some yet found time to observe Jonathan Ruggles. These saw indications of a restless eagerness under his outward quiet, and in his set face and thoughtful eyes a corroding sorrow for the past, as if some dark storm had swept over his life and left it full of graves, from which there was not even a strong man's hope of a resurrection.

He had been seen on stormy nights striding off into the forest, with his long beard drenched with rain, and his eyes wilder than the lightning's flash which revealed them. Sometimes he was missed for weeks, and then appeared with rough visage and matted hair, as if he had been scouting and camping in the woods. All authentic news of the war reached him first. He knew better than other men what was going on in the far-off world.

He seldom spoke to his man Jacob in the presence of others, but at times the stolid helper passed quick looks of intelligence with his master. With the old negro woman he would talk for hours, but it was in her own barbarous language of Africa. It was wonderful that a man of his culture should find pleasure in the conversation of an unlettered dependent. Perhaps it was the only outlet of his soul. There may be conditions under which the trust and truth of a long-trying and faithful servant are a man's best companions. Who knows but the words of an old negro woman kept him on this side of the line which separates reason from madness, or life from death?

With his little daughter he talked as a man does not usually talk with a child. With others she was only an artless child, only possessing more sensitiveness and quickness of appreciation. But in her father's presence she was entirely changed; she would come softly to his knee and ask him to tell her stories of old times and the men who loved little children for the memories they held in their eyes. And she, in grave, earnest way, would tell of the flowers she had gathered; how the roses cried, they were so sorry, when she picked one and carried it away; how she brought it back and tied it on the bush to make them glad again, but it died and the rest all died, too, with grief. How the golden buttercups which she found alone were paler-hearted than those that grew with many others. She learned from her father scraps of Latin, whose meaning had deepened for centuries, and sunny bits of French and uncouth sayings from the old nurse, which she repeated only to him. So the child was part of his incomprehensible life.

When Burgoyne debarked from Lake Champlain, Ruggles disappeared from home and joined the bands that pressed through the dim woods to obstruct the path of the invader. They were a wild set of men, half-organized, half-armed, but full of resource and individual ability, vigilant, tireless, swift of foot and stout of heart. This advanced guard of patriots was composed of the elite of the daring spirits of New England and northern New York. Yet the majority of able-bodied men staid at home; their time had not yet come. Without connecting himself with any local organization, Ruggles was with them all by turns in the capacity of leader, engineer, scout, spy or guide. Now he was with a band of Vermont men, pointing out the intended route of the enemy; now he disappeared in the woods at night and by daylight was miles away, collecting scattered patrols. Now he crouched beside the Hessian picket fires, a perfect Indian, smoking his pipe in silence, or grunting his attachment to his "Great Father beyond the water." At one time he was a teamster in Burgoyne's wagon train, at another an officer's servant. He made his appearance less and less with the patriots, and became more and more the shadowy attendant of the enemy, till he seemed a perfect myth of the nightmare and the forest. Others had the one purpose of opposing the progress of the enemy by force or stratagem; but he, with that, had another terrible purpose, requiring greater ability and exposing him to greater personal danger.

The resistance to Burgoyne's progress was, in appearance, ineffectual, but it was really most

effectual. Time was gained, and the summer harvest was gathered in. Then came the usual season in which the farmers have little to do; time to make improvements which are not of pressing necessity; time to lay wall, trade horses and hunt raccoons. This year the usual idle season did not take place, but as courier after courier dashed through the little hamlets, and by the farm-houses, excited groups gathered to hear the hurried news, and quickly scattered to spread the call to arms. The walls were left unfinished; broken-down hicks had a lease of their old stables for another winter; and the raccoons gnawed the roasting ears, or carried off the early sweet apples with impunity. The men gathered at the sound of the village bells, armed in haste, listened to a fervent prayer by the old pastor, said hurried farewells, and took up their line of march towards the North.

The grandfather of the writer of this sketch went in his tow frock direct from the field, with his hired man, his old "king's arm" and his day's dinner. The first day he reached Williamstown, twenty miles distant, and the next Bennington, just in time to help to hold the British reinforcements in check, while Gen. Stark gathered his scattered troops that after the first flush of success had dispersed in search of plunder. After the battle the sturdy farmer, being considered a fresh man notwithstanding his long tramp, was sent to help to collect the wounded, which occupied all night; and the next day was seen by a fellow-townsmen fast asleep by the roadside, covered with blood. Word reached his young wife that he was killed, but as he lived to rear a dozen children, and as a magistrate to administer the law with crabbed pluck during the Shay rebellion, it is certain that his bloody sleep in the hazy noon at Bennington was not his last one. But enough of this ancestral episode.

The success at Bennington called out the whole fighting population; and an uncouth but enthusiastic army closed around Burgoyne on the Hudson. Jonathan Ruggles was among them. If a ford was left unguarded, he was the first to know that the enemy had found it out, and immediately a jolly company of militia men camped on the hillside, and watched the dangerous pass day and night. If hungry Britons cast longing eyes on the Dutchman's cattle up the Mohawk, he gave information of the intended raid in time to prevent it.

Where he kept himself in the daytime no one knew, but when the campfires were lit at night he would suddenly appear through the darkness, give important information and vanish. So across the shadowy fields, through the September moonlight, and under the spectral woods he went and came, swift, mysterious and certain. But all he seemed to accomplish was only incidental; it was not the real object of his pursuit. When, as a loyal Dutchman, he sold cabbages to an officer's servant, why did he worm out the officer's name with an almost superhuman stupidity? Was he looking for a friend that he might warn him, or a foe that he might smite him? The sequel shall prove.

At the first battle of Stillwater, Ruggles was an eager "searcher of the slain." Carefully he turned up the cold, dead faces to the moon, and looking a moment at the fixed features, passed on. Giving up his quest, towards morning he stretched himself by an outlying campfire, and chatted cheerfully with the weary but wakeful soldiers.

"Did you find him, Ruggles?" said a ragged corporal, as the party returned from developing a suspicious noise by a rail fence covered with bushes.

"Find whom?" said Ruggles, turning a wild, firelit eye on the questioner.

"Oh! nobody; the hog in the alders. I didn't hear a squeal, so I guess we shan't have roast sparerib for breakfast." Ruggles left that fire.

Rumors of his exploits reached the ears of the British, and the lonely sentinel started at the owl's shadow, lest it be that of the spy; and his excited imagination made a man's stealthy tread through the woods out of the regular falling of the early leaves. The secret enemy was watched for in vain. Officers pretended to laugh at these rumors, while they spoke of him in whispers lest the tent walls should hear with his ears.

One officer in particular, a Capt. Gray, was known to listen attentively to all rumors concerning this wily spy; and he ill-concealed his nervousness that such a foe might gain access even to himself. His position as secretary to Burgoyne kept him secluded, and there seemed to be little danger.

When it was hinted that the spy might be about the camp, Capt. Gray had business that kept him very close; and yet he had the reputation of being as brave an officer as ever wore an epaulette. Perhaps Gray knew that there was reason why he might be followed by a secret foe, whom hatred had made cunning as a wild beast and direless as fate.

To the surrounded and bewildered army of Burgoyne events hurried; and in the labor of securing provisions, and guarding all points of a continually weakening position, there was little time for imagination to picture reserved and peculiar personal dangers. But whether foreseen or not, they were quickly to beset their victim.

The second battle of Stillwater decided Burgoyne's fate. The history of that battle need not be recited here. How Morgan trailed his riflemen through the woods, and Arnold's last charge, have become household words. When Arnold, goaded to madness by his vindictive nature, rushed over the outer intrenchments of the enemy, Jonathan Ruggles was with him, as if he, too, was seeking his fate. The short struggle was frightfully confused. Other men than Arnold fought there whose business was elsewhere. Though without a command, Capt. Gray was drawn into the sudden swirl of men, and, with cool head and bulldog courage, vindicated the true Briton's name.

In the thickest of the mêlée Ruggles, who was

only armed with the half of a broken bayonet, came face to face with Gray. As they mutually paused an instant to gather themselves for the death grapple, they recognised each other, for they had met before. Gray attacked with headlong confidence in his superiority over an nearly unarmed man, but his wily antagonist, writhing aside to avoid the blow, caught him by the beard, and, throwing him backward, fell upon him. A fierce struggle followed, in which each strove to prevent the other from giving a mortal blow. Ruggles maintained his advantage till his adversary was quite spent, and then, raising himself a little, asked him if he knew him.

"Yes," answered the other, and with the word the point of the broken bayonet went through his heart.

When the few remaining heroes of that bloody charge gathered around the campfire, Ruggles was not among them; but as he did not regularly belong to the army, he was not counted among the missing, though he had been seen to fall. Towards morning he came in, bloody and disordered, but not seriously hurt; and holding in his hand, as if unconscious of it, a bloody, broken bayonet.

"So you have been fighting, not spying this time," said a soldier, with his head bound up. "You have got a curious sticking iron there." The remark called attention to the iron. It had a circular guard near the upper end, which Ruggles had not noticed before. He slipped it off easily and commenced rubbing the blood from it, when it suddenly opened and disclosed a lady's miniature. He started and nearly let it fall, but recovering himself, he held it down to the fire, looked at it a moment, and put it in his pocket in silence. In a few minutes he disappeared in the darkness, and was never seen with the army again.

In a month his house in Bennington was vacant. It was afterwards sold by an agent, and before a generation had passed all remembrance of Jonathan Ruggles had faded from the place.

Years after an old resident in Bennington found, in a churchyard in Boston, a stone with the inscription: "Jonathan Ruggles and his wife Ellie." The name called up the sleeping memory of the man, and the mystery that had hung around him; so, finding the old sexton, whose mind was a history of those whom he had buried there, he obtained from him substantially the following account:

Jonathan Ruggles was an affluent and cultivated merchant of Boston. His elegant home, and beautiful and accomplished wife, drew around them all that was talented, and wise, and noble, in the metropolis of New England. Years after the dim memory of Ellie Ruggles lingered in the minds of old men like a haunting dream. They could vaguely recall her winning smile and how her presence illuminated her beautiful home. It was like a lingering light on a mountain top when the sun has set.

Ruggles loved his wife with all the fervor of a refined and passionate nature. He seemed almost to worship her. He was of the purest Puritan stock, and from the beginning of the quarrel between the colonies and the mother country was a zealous revolutionist. But his wife, who could not forget her childhood's home in England, was a royalist. With persons of less refinement this difference might have been fatal to domestic happiness, but it only seemed to draw them nearer to each other. Their lovely child, Ellie, whose spiritual nature seemed to take its lights and shadows from another world than ours, was the crowning bond of their perfect love.

But the ample hospitality of Ruggles encircled those who were less noble than himself. Civil magistrates, whose only title to preferment was the intrigues of a corrupt court three thousand miles away, and military officers of doubtful antecedents but polished manners, were among his guests. Among the latter was Captain Gray. A scion of a noble family, selfish and fond of luxury, he had secretly given up military ambition for the delights of social conquests. He soon became inspired with a wild passion for Mrs. Ruggles. But, reckless as he was, the purity of her character inspired him with such awe, while in her presence, that he dared not bring his varied powers to bear upon her with an evil influence. He only had courage to magnify the dangers to which those would be subjected, after the evacuation of Boston, who had adhered to the royal cause. On this subject he was most eloquent, till the fears of Ruggles were at last awakened, and at the evacuation he urged his wife to leave the country for a time, and visit her parents in England. In an evil hour she consented, and leaving little Ellie in the care of her paternal grandmother, Mrs. Ruggles sailed for Halifax, under the protection of a royalist family.

Gray considered his purpose as good as accomplished. He had separated her from her husband and the influences of home, and in the uncertain future there was every chance for his plans. He left a report to be circulated after his departure that she had gone as his personal companion, though, by the necessities of the military service, they had sailed in different ships. But enough were found to credit and spread the report, till her fair fame was ruined, and her name became a by-word of shame.

The blow fell with crushing effect upon her husband. He would not believe it at first, but as month after month passed without bringing tidings of her, while his enemies retailed circumstantial evidence of her guilt, he became half convinced of it. Gray had stolen her miniature and exhibited it as proof of his conquest. He had surrounded her with a network of false appearances, which should seem conclusive when the key to their meaning was given. At last Ruggles was fully convinced, and then the whole strength of his nature rose up in a cry for vengeance. How he followed Gray was vaguely known, and how he kept him in view when he could not follow him was inexplicable. It was only known that he watched him through tortuous paths by flood and field,

tracked him through the forest, and hovered around him in the camp, till he met him face to face on the battlefield, and there executed that vengeance which is the justice of Heaven.

In the meantime Mrs. Ruggles had reached England in safety. Gray had been wrecked and detained on the coast of Nova Scotia, and all his evil plans thwarted, till he had given them up in despair. It was in England that Mrs. Ruggles first heard of the shadow that had fallen upon her name, involving in its blackness of ruin those who were dearer to her than life. She would have returned to America but could not. She wrote quickly and repeatedly, but received no answer, for the reason that her letters never reached their destination. Her husband's letters also never reached her.

The horror of her situation quickly wasted her frame, till death came to allay the agony of living. But to the last death was more terrible than life, while the mystery remained unexplained. If she could see her husband, or know that all doubts of her were removed, she was willing to die. The boon was not granted her. In her dying hours she dictated a letter, in which she recounted all the circumstances of her departure from Boston, all her unanswerable letters and their contents; recalled all the happy years she had spent with her husband, sent him her unchanging love—unchanging through joy and sorrow, separation, ruin and death—and signed the trust with the witness of Almighty God.

That letter reached her husband after her death; but it brought a new horror—the crime of having lost faith in her. All that he had suffered before was nothing to his anguish of remorse now. Not for the vengeance that had been quenched in the blood of the guilty, but for the wrong of unbelief to the innocent.

He soon knew that he was swiftly following his wife. He wrapped himself in tender memories of her, as if they could shorten and illumine the dark road between them. In his dreams he heard her voice, and felt her golden hair on his cheek, or saw her near—coming, almost come—with all the light that he had almost worshipped in her eyes, and the loved form of other days, not changed, but transfigured with an inward light which he had caught, only glimpses of while she was with him, but which he now saw was always there, and had been fully revealed with the passing of mortality.

He lingered long enough to see her remains brought from England and buried beside the graves of his fathers. In a few weeks another grave was made close beside the last, and one stone was erected for both, bearing the inscription: "Jonathan Ruggles and his wife Ellie."

#### THE AMERICAN FUR TRADE.

RESPECTING the value of this important traffic, the St. Paul (Minn.) Press says: "On looking at the books of our dealers, we find that 3,500 beaver or buffaloes have fallen victims to the arrow or bullet on our North-Western prairies, to supply civilized man with robes to keep him warm in winter. These robes will always be a standing article for such purposes. They cost about \$7 undressed. An equal number of wolves—which fact one hears with pleasure—have also bitten the dust to supply our fair countrywomen with elegant sleighrobes, worth \$2 each, to keep out the biting air while gliding over the snows of the Northern winters. The Bruin family bear the loss of 950 ursine members. These skins, costing from \$10 to \$20, are also used for sleigh covers and for military purposes, as are 1,050 of the red fox, worth about \$2.50 each. The pink, now mercilessly pursued, since his pelt is worth from \$3.50 to \$5, contributes 25,000 skins toward those elegant mantles and cloaks that every lady covets. The muskrat species are prolific, and have given us fully 250,000 skins, worth 80 to 85 cents each. Of the more rare and costly furs, 2,258 otters have been captured from their last retreats to do duty in the shape of gloves, at \$6 to \$7 per pair, and 540 "fishers" have been trapped, yielding the fortunate hunter \$8 to \$10 a-piece. The martens family, one much prized, lost 1,600 members, enriching the trapper at the rate of \$5 to \$10 each. Of the cross fox, a very scarce and rare animal, only 76 have been caught. Good specimens bring \$20. During the winter a trapper brought in, among a lot of peltries, two skins, which, as nothing had been seen here like them before, were called the blue fox. They seem to be a hybrid between the cross fox and the silver fox. No one knew their value, and they were sold at \$2 each. The skins brought \$25 each in New York city."

HEROIC WOMEN.—A Baltimore correspondent of the New York Evening Post describes the brave and philanthropic conduct at the Gettysburg battle of two young misses, whose daring and devotion entitled them to a high place among the heroes of this war: The two Misses Callow, daughters of Mr. William Callow, of Baltimore, young ladies of 15 and 16, who were left the sole pupils in the seminary at Gettysburg during the three days' battles, have returned to their studies at this school. Their heroism on that occasion is still the theme of admiration in our Union social circles. These young girls went out of the house while the battles were raging, and brought the wounded in, dressed their wounds and nursed the sufferers. When the rebels had possession of the house they drove them as refugees to their country, but were as kind to their wounded as to ours. For a wonder, they won the respect of the outlaws. When tendered rebel protection they refused it. "We can respect you, but as you are," said one of these brave girls, "but we despise our Villand'ghams. Take them back with you when you go, as you soon will, and you will do as a service." The rebel officer declined. "Why not? you are all traitors together."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS AND MUSHROOMS.—Once while travelling toward Lake Constance, Alexandre Dumas, the noted French writer, was compelled by a storm to stop at a small hotel in Vaudutry. He did not understand the language of the place, but managed to ask for eggs, cutlets and potatoes, none of which were to be had. Remembering that the mushrooms of that country were in very high repute, he attempted to ask for a dish of them, but his language here failed him. As a last resource, he snatched a pencil and paper, and drew what he thought to be a good representation of them. "Oh, yes, yes," said the woman, and she at once started out. In five minutes she reappeared, bringing Dumas an open omelette! A second look at his sketch convinced him that she had brought what he had intended to order. Perhaps the artist's imagination may have helped her imagination. (Try your skill in sketching a mushroom.)



## FADELESS IS A LOVING HEART.

SUNNY eyes may lose their brightness;  
Nimble feet forget their lightness;  
Pearly teeth may know decay;  
Raven tresses turn to gray;  
Cheeks be pale, and eyes be dim;  
Faint the voice, and weak the limb;  
But though youth and strength depart,  
Fadeless is a loving heart.  
Like the little mountain flower,  
Peeping forth in wintry hour,  
When the summer's breath is fled,  
And the gaudier flower's dead;  
So when outward charms are gone,  
Brighter still doth blossom on,  
Despite Time's destroying dart,  
The gently, kindly, loving heart.  
Ye in worldly wisdom old—  
Ye who bow the knee to gold,  
Doth this earth as lovely seem  
As it did in life's young dream,  
Ere the world had crusted o'er  
Feelings good and pure before—  
Ere you sold at Mammon's mart  
The best yearnings of the heart?  
Grant me, Heaven, my earnest prayer—  
Whether life of ease or care  
Be the one to me assigned,  
That each coming year may find  
Loving thoughts and gentle words  
Twined within my bosom's chords,  
And that age may but impart  
Riper freshness to my heart!

## HANNAH GORDON.

AND so they parted; and the two years rolled down the void of time. The two years they had been so happy, dreaming and thinking only of each other, waiting, watching, talking of that coming time when there would be no more parting for so long a period as the twenty-four hours; and the two years during which they had lain all this to their hearts gaped like a great grave, where lay buried the dearest thought and first fresh bloom of their lives.

Why was this parting?

A hasty word, my friend, and each too proud to own the error.

And they really loved?

Really loved. Let me tell you all about it—a common story; it is happening about us every day: Hannah Gordon was a good girl, not an accomplished or brilliant one. She had a pretty face, a neat hand and a quick but quiet movement. There was no bustling about Hannah, and yet it was impossible to surprise her with her household work undone or her person in dishabille. She was like the good business man, who sits at his desk, or quietly moves about his duty, performing more by his mere presence than the blusterer, who is everywhere, doing everybody's work.

Hannah Gordon was young, only seventeen, and like all young people, had more than a just idea of her own sagacity, and so it was, one day, that she met Harry Voorhes upon Broadway, walking and talking closely with a lady who was both young and pretty. When the first sharp pang of jealousy was over, she saw nothing but deceit in the two long years that Harry Voorhes had been pouring into her ears the declaration that he loved her better than all the world, better than he ever had loved, better than he would ever love again.

Harry had not seen Hannah, and so she passed on, nursing her wrath and turning over in her own mind what she would say to him that evening when they should meet.

That he was a base, deceitful man she had no doubt. The lady was apparently an old acquaintance, or should have been, was plain from the familiarity with which he treated her. And yet he had frequently declared to Hannah that, since his engagement to her, he had dropped all lady friends, even now to the bowing ones. And therefore, when Harry Voorhes came in that evening the conversation ran about this way. Hannah did not wait long:

"Did you have a pleasant walk, Mr. Voorhes?"

This was said with an assumed quiescence, which immediately instructed Harry in all particulars. He knew there was jealousy, and as it was a new thing he determined to indulge it for a while.

"Very pleasant, thank you," said Harry; "did you?"

"And pleasant company?" said Hannah.

"Very," answered Harry; "did you?"

"Yes," she said, with well-acted carelessness; "I met Wilson upon Broadway."

"Wilson?"

Harry threw an emphasis upon the name that needs explanation. Japhet Wilson had been a friend of Hannah's brother—a brother who, in the recklessness of his associates, those associations that degrade the finer feelings, had not scrupled to bring to their humble home this Japhet Wilson, a wealthy, but disgraced and characterless man. He had come seeking Hannah as a wife, from a belief that such a marriage would tend to elevate himself in the eyes of the world, while he should be getting a young and pretty woman. Beyond this Japhet Wilson did not think. He was willing to buy, and on that ground only he placed the transaction. What was his agreement with Hannah's brother was a portion of the matter which remained between the two. He came, saw, quickly made his offer, was refused and as quietly withdrew. His diplomat after this was Hannah's brother, who lost no opportunity of setting before her, in the most glowing colors, the great advantages that would accrue to them both from such a marriage. And this was the Japhet Wilson whom Hannah had met upon Broadway.

But Hannah had spoken wrong. She had met Japhet Wilson, but no word of recognition had passed between them; and she had yielded so far to that seed of jealousy that she had given Harry to

believe she had walked Broadway with Japhet Wilson, the man of all men he most disliked. And this is why he said with so much emphasis:

"Wilson!"

"Of course—Wilson," Hannah retorted. "Why should I not walk Broadway with a gentleman, as well as you with a lady?"

"With a gentleman, Hannah! Japhet Wilson is not a gentleman."

"Do you think you would dare say that to Mr. Wilson's face?"

How the words stung. "Dare!"

What could there be worse than call him a coward?

Hannah did not understand this, or, in the insanity of woman's jealousy, she did not care; and Harry gasped under the imputation, and sat silent.

No passion can so hurry a woman to sacrifice as that accursed one of jealousy.

A man under the influence listens, sees and waits; a woman strikes prematurely friend or foe, and the blows recoil upon herself. Hannah had struck a deadly one at Harry's pride, and he sat silent; man-like, he would not give a weak answer, and so he gave none; and Hannah, woman-like, followed up her victory.

"I presume Mr. Wilson is as much a gentleman as some who profess to be, and strew their way with falsehood and deceit."

"Meaning me," said Harry.

"Meaning you," answered Hannah.

Harry arose quietly from his seat, taking his hat, and speaking no word, passed away out of the room. Hannah watched him with a falling heart.

They were their first harsh words, and she thought herself wronged, while Harry knew that he had been. She sat stupidly for ten minutes, and then, when too late, ran into the entry to call him back. She had fault to find with his every step. He need not have been so hasty; he should have explained; he was false, he was deceitful, and he was gone. That covered all the rest; and Hannah threw herself into the chair, and burst into tears. She had sent him away with a cutting word; but—he deserved it; so she thought.

And Harry—to be called a coward, and a well the word should not be spoken—by the woman who professed to love him. He would never approach her again; she did not love him, it was impossible; and then in a few hours he thought, if she loves me, and regrets her treatment, she can send and say so; she knows where I am.

And so Hannah thought; if he loves me, he will come again and admit himself wrong; if he does this I will forgive him—not without.

And the time went on, and Harry did not come, and Hannah did not send. And so they parted. The weeks flew by, the months flew by.

Hannah grew paler, and moved about less lively than before. She lacked that smile that once sat so well on her.

Her brother even looked at Hannah in sorrow, and ceased to press the suit of Japhet Wilson.

Some good-natured friend would occasionally open the wound afresh by telling Hannah how they had seen Harry Voorhes, and how they thought him much altered; how he was not so particular in his dress, and looked as though he might be dissipated. Though all this probed the wound, yet Hannah liked to hear, for the time had passed when there was any anger in her heart against Harry Voorhes; and many a day now she held long debates with herself, whether she should not summon him to her. Ah! but—if he would not come; and there came in the woman's pride, stern to death; and she lived on, living away her heart piece by piece, until one bright summer day she heard that Harry Voorhes had sold out his business, and left New York. And then Hannah felt that all was over, and that if she could have died, there was no lack of willingness on her part.

But she lived on with a dead mind, no longer the sprightly pretty Hannah of the days gone by, but a quiet, pallid girl, shunning society; and thinking, thinking all day long, how, for the gratification of one moment of wilful passion, she had sacrificed a whole life.

It is a common story hardly worth the telling, that Hannah went on keeping aloof from all those things that would have distracted her desire to brood over the result of her folly, and seeking within herself compensation in thought and study for the society she ignored.

And in the course of years she began to look back upon it all as a dream, and feel that she had done wrong to visit upon the world what was alone her own fault, or his; and gradually with this she brought about her some chatty friends, and opened again the heart that had been so long shut to the fellowship of feeling.

Hannah's brother had gone away, allured by the golden visions held out on the Pacific coast.

For years she had heard nothing of him, and long since had settled in her mind his death in some of the remote mining districts. Hannah was all alone; she was fast verging to more than old maidenism. Thirty years had passed over her, but time and intercourse with herself had stamped a serenity of beauty far surpassing that of a girl of seventeen. It would be a hard sequel to a love like Hannah's for Harry Voorhes, to say that now sometimes she looked back upon the wasted years of her life, and regretted that she had not found some one soul to whom she could be linked in the bond of respect and sympathy, if not love. But we fear the world is all alike, and Hannah Gordon was but a type of every woman who, with a heart to love, finds herself at that critical age alone; something there must be on which to lavish the wealth of affection, if it be only that much-jerred-at pet of an old maid, a peevish dog.

Hannah was poor, comparatively, and yet rich. No embroidery was like Hannah's, and several fashionable establishments rivalled each other in the bids for her work. Hannah, therefore, did well with her labor. She was a pet of old Mrs. Alden,

who had been a friend of Hannah's mother, and with whom Hannah now lived, feeling at home, as far as one so alone could have a home, for Mrs. Alden was a good, motherly woman. And Hannah sat in her little back room, neat as a pin, and worked away all day, trying to think of everything as pleasantly as possible; and learning herself once more to sing and smile.

In the afternoons good Mrs. Alden would come in and chat, and then they would talk over all the olden time, when Hannah was a little girl, and they would laugh at the droll memories of those days, and look sad and sigh over the more mature recollections of later ones. And the good old lady would detail to Hannah all her domestic affairs, and ask her advice as to what she should do with that two pair front rooms which remained so long unlet, and whether she did not think the first hall would look better with an oilcloth than a carpet, and all those little nothings that go so far toward making up a life. And so, as I said, the time slipped away for Hannah, and she was no longer young. Thirty is an important age for a woman; she must make her mark in life at or before that period, or her chance is small; and, therefore, Hannah had settled down into what might with certainty be called an old maid.

Mrs. Alden had come in that identical afternoon to tell how she had let the two pair front to a gentleman with a little girl—"a sweet little girl," said Mrs. Alden, "five years old, with black curly hair"—and full board, without any cavilling.

Mrs. Alden had not seen the gentleman yet, but he was unquestionable. She was referred to the highest folk in the city, and one month paid in advance. The gentleman was an invalid, and wanted every attention, for which he was willing to pay, and so the Lord be praised! And Mrs. Alden was pleased—why should Hannah not be?

The gentleman was to come the next day, and he came accordingly. There was a carriage, any quantity of trunks, the little girl, dark eyes, dark hair in ringlets, and fun sparkling out all over. Hannah saw the tall, dark man, well wrapped up—assisted by the coachman from the carriage, partaking the common instinct of her sex, and borrowing the front parlor window for that occasion. And from the moment Hannah saw that little dark, eyed girl she loved her, not that it could be possible that any one could see the little one without admiring her, but something better than this crept over Hannah, and she thrilled with the thought, standing there, at that parlor window, that here, in that little fairy creature, was the love for which the heart had yearned so many years; and it was but the impulsive following out of this thought that led Hannah to the door, as the stranger had passed upstairs, to take her from the arms of Mrs. Alden, with just the merest little bit of a tear, to press the child to her bosom, and while kissing to ask her name. She answered first in Spanish, to the utter surprise and almost terror of Mrs. Alden, who made no hesitation in openly expressing her astonishment that one so young should be able to speak a foreign language. And when Hannah had succeeded in drawing from her, in very imperfect English, Mrs. Alden's astonishment was redoubled that she should not speak better American. It was soon elicited her name was Marie—Marie Foresi.

Her papa, Señor Foresi, was sick, so Marie said; he was good and she loved him very much. Mamma was dead; mamma died at home. Where was home? Home was at Lima. And this was the little Marie's information to Hannah and the commencement of their acquaintance, or rather say love, the child instinctively clinging to her and looking up in her face with an immediate confidence. It was a delightful little affection that sprang up between those two. Marie spent all her time with Hannah, even, as Mrs. Alden declared, to the excitement of the jealousy of the father, who, daily sending his respects to Marie's newly-constituted friend, hoped that she would not let the little romp make herself too much at home. And such panegyrics as Marie poured out upon the head of Miss Anna, as she called her—this being her construction of Hannah, the name she bore with Mrs. Alden—such a mixture of English and Spanish, laugh and baby-talk.

Hannah had put the child in possession of all the hoarded stores of toys which, in girlhood, had been her own. What a capital hand Miss Hannah was at playing hide-and-go-seek; how well versed she was in all the extraordinary tales about "Hey diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle," of which, until this time, Marie had never heard, and all those other wonderful things that Miss Anna could do, and of which little Marie entertained her father in a continuous rattle; and then she flew to join her friend again. And Mrs. Alden brought to Hannah the compliments of the Señor Foresi, and his request that as soon as he should be able to leave his room, that he might have the honor of paying his respects to the fair friend of his daughter, all of which, Mrs. Alden declared, was spoken in tiptop English, with which no fault could be found—uncommon as the thing might be—and no bless the man, if he was a foreigner, and that dear little baby girl which so much reminds me of my poor dead and gone Lizzie—for shortness on Elizabeth A. n—who would be forty years old, come next March, if she had lived, and he paying a month in advance, just as if she had no confidence—which the Lord forbid.

Marie, under Hannah's care and tuition, was improving in English. She could now begin to tell Hannah about her home in Lima, and how she once had a little brother who died, and a black nurse who wore such large earrings, and who cried so when Marie came away, and went upon her knees and begged to go with Marie, but papa said no! For why, Marie did not know, and all this little prattle was delightful to Hannah, who grew younger under the companionship of Marie, and always declared that her needle flew faster through the silk to the music of Marie's voice than when alone.

Hannah, too, became much interested in the in-

valid upstairs, even to a general superintendence, under the seal of secrecy, of the numerous little jellies and soups that were prepared for him, and an inquisition occasionally of Dr. Wilson, when they met, on the state of his patient.

There was nothing the matter with the gentleman, the doctor declared, but the debility consequent on a tropical fever, which time and good nursing would bring him over, with—of course the professional skill of Dr. Wilson.

Mr. Foresi would do himself the honor, if perfectly agreeable—and why not—said Mrs. Alden, of calling on Miss Anna that afternoon, when he would be presented by Mrs. A. He was much better, looking quite pink, and not so bad-looking to begin with, to say nothing of his being mighty nice spoken, and as beautiful linen as ever she saw on the back of mortal man, for which them Spaniards was well-known, as they deserved to be, for they had plenty of money, and no thanks to the Kings and Queens, which couldn't help the same, nevertheless. And, therefore, the gentleman was to call upon Hannah that afternoon, and Hannah cast one or two glances in the glass, and just touched up her hair the least bit, and then another dress, and a small turn of quiet embellishment, and she sat at the embroidery frame, looking, as said Mrs. Alden, "a perfect picture," though not so young as she was once't, and therefore more to be thought on as approaching the gentleman's age—for which happy consummation no one wished so much as herself, and would pray night and day, gracious knows—for Hannah deserved all the good luck an old woman, to whom she was more than a daughter, wished, and so Lord bless them all.

And Hannah looked very solemn over all this, and bent down over her work, and ran her mind back through all the vista of years, and thought, and gave one little sob internally to the memory of Harry Voorhes, as a little tap came to the door, and the gentleman came in, leading Marie, who dropped his hand on the instant and ran to Hannah. Mrs. Alden had but just begun her introduction in most flowery form, when she was startled to such a degree that her spectacles flew, as if of their own volition, half across the room, for Hannah had started from her seat, overturning the embroidery frame, and with half a scream, half an exclamation, said:

"Harry!"

While the gentleman, with both hands clenched and held to his breast, responded:

"Hannah!"

And before Mrs. Alden could conclude whether it was best to faint or call the police, they were in each other's arms.

A few months have passed away, and Mr. and Mrs. Voorhes are established in a pretty house in the upper part of the city. Mrs. Alden is the housekeeper, and that beautiful child you see on Broadway, flitting about like a humming-bird, whom you have so often remarked for the brightness of her eyes, is little Marie.

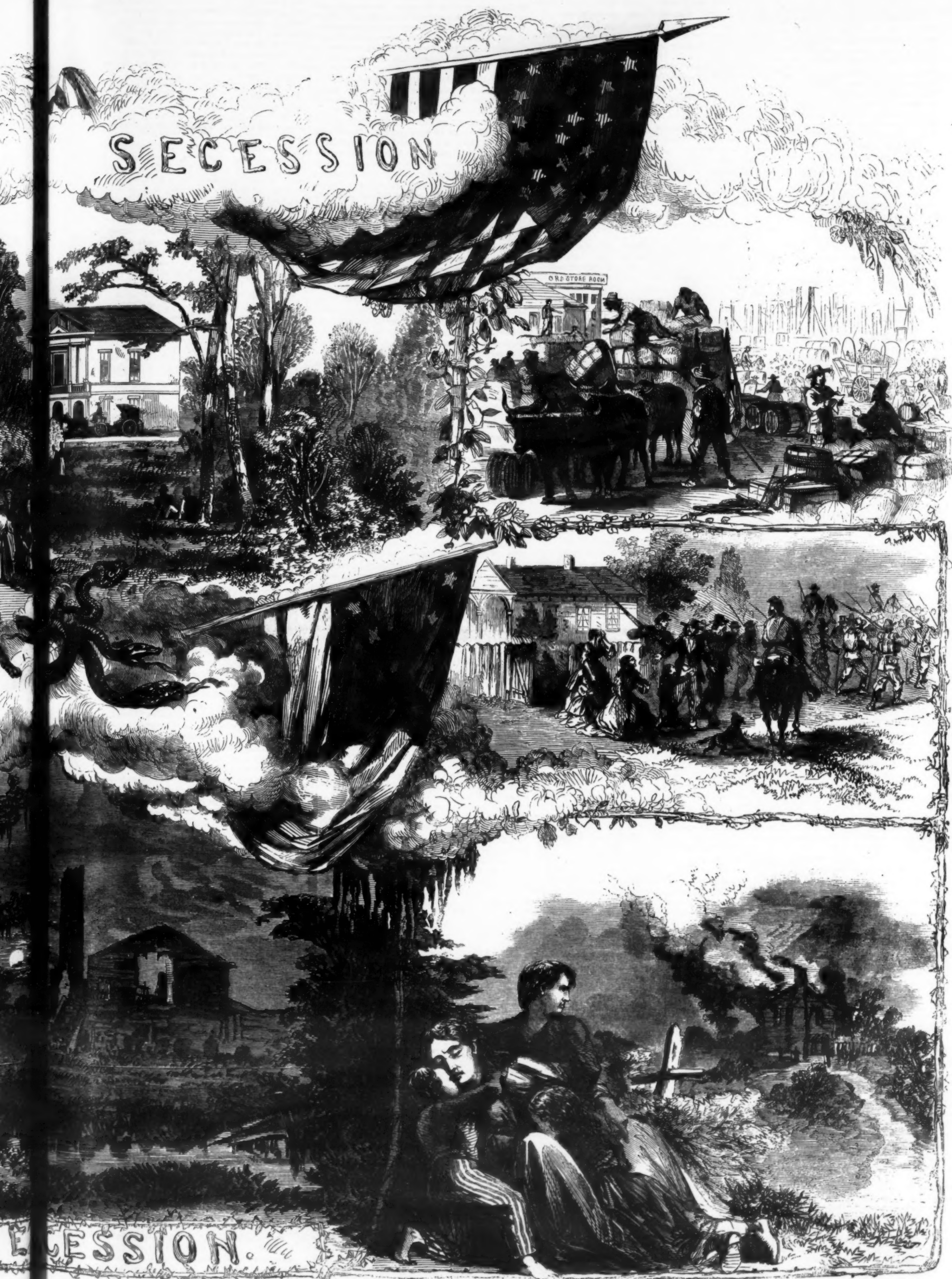
THE Irish "Bog Oak" has been long known and celebrated. It consists of the fallen trunks of ancient oak forests, now deeply covered by accumulations of peat bog, but still perfectly sound. This ancient wood furnishes large quantities of valuable timber, which is mined from the beds in which it lies, and worked into beautiful articles of cabinet work, sculptured panels and other carving. The dark stain imparted to it by the long steeping it has undergone in water saturated with both vegetable and mineral matters, gives it a special value for ornamental wood work. Similar deposits of ancient wood exists in the vast swamps of New Jersey. These buried trees, however, are cedars and not oaks, and it is made a regular and profitable business to dig them from their beds, to be manufactured into shingles, which are said to be of extraordinary excellence and durability. A New York paper thus describes the timber and the process of getting it out: "These swamps are very valuable, an acre of such timber commanding from \$500 to \$1,000. A peculiar feature of the swamps is that the soil is of purely vegetable growth, often 20 feet or more in depth. The peaty earth is constantly accumulating from the fall of leaves and boughs, and trees are found buried in it at all depths, quite down to solid ground. The timber so buried retains its buoyancy and color, and large numbers of workmen are constantly employed in raising and splitting the logs into rails and shingles. In searching for these logs, the workmen uses an iron rod, which he thrusts into the soil, and by repeated trials, ascertains the size and length of the wood he strikes, and then, by digging down, obtains a chip, by the smell of which he can determine whether it is worth removal. The number of shingles produced from the wood of these submerged forests is very great; from the little town of Dennistown, in this county, as many as 500,000, valued at \$12,000, have been sent to market in a year. From the same place, thousands of dollars worth of white cedar rails are annually sent out. The deposit of timber at this point extends to an indefinite depth, and although, from the growth above it, believed to be 2,000 years old, is all entirely sound, and will supply, for years to come, the draft upon it."

BRIDAL JEWELLERY.—The jewellery of Miss Chase's trousseau, from the superb engagement ring, about which some intrusive paragraphist made an item weeks since, down to the smallest shawlpin of the outfit, has been for weeks a deep subject of speculation among the ladies. To enumerate the items or give a detailed description of each is consequently superfluous. The jewellery worn upon the bridal occasion consisted of a tiara of pearls and diamonds, and a bracelet and a pair of ear-rings of kindred materials. The tiara has for a base a line of pearls of exquisite symmetry and exceedingly rare color. This is shaped cunningly to fit the lady's small head, swelling as it advances from either ear into a beautiful garland of orange leaves and blossoms, formed of the precious matters before suggested, and meeting at the front in a coquettish bow of brilliants, upon which rests a marvellous pearl in size and orient, well worthy the old Roman application, *unio*. By a dexterous mechanical coup, this tiara is so fashioned as to furnish, as need may be, four distinct ornaments: in the first place, the true lover's knot detaches, and with its dazzling diamonds and its mammoth pearl, the largest in America, forms a unique brooch. Next the garland separates into two graceful sprays, available as head ornaments when the whole tiara is not requisite. Finally the base line of pearls leaves its rise of gold and becomes a necklace. The bracelet is a circle of five rows of pearls of exemplary beauty, meeting in a hard of diamond open work, bearing a Maltese cross of brilliants, which inclose a very rare pearl. The ear-rings are pendant pear-shaped pearls, mounted in small brilliants. Since the famous diamond wedding of the Cuban magnifico, no such jewellery has been worn.











## THE DEATHKNELL.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

In many parts of New Jersey the old custom of tolling the church bell on the death of the villagers is still kept up.

Hark! now tolls the passing bell;  
There is music in the knell,  
All the other sounds we hear  
Flatter and delude the ear.  
These sad tones alone impart  
Holy comfort to the heart.  
For they tell us sorrows cease—  
'Tis the harbinger of peace—  
Misery has no boon to crave  
In the silence of the grave!  
List again! the passing bell  
Tolls some mortal's last farewell.

Hark! now tolls the passing bell,  
What it saith none can tell—  
Still we feel it bids depart  
Stormy passions from the heart;  
And like Christ upon the wave,  
Sheds the radiance of the grave;  
Swiftly sink the waves of strife  
And the raging cares of life.  
Oh, how vain the world appears  
Through the medium of tears!  
List again! the passing bell  
Tolls a Christian's last farewell.

Even as the minutes roll  
It speaks comfort to the soul;  
To the warrior, end of strife;  
To the scorned one, brighter life;  
To the wearied, endless rest;  
To the wronged, a faithful breast;  
To the suffering, heavenly balm;  
To the restless, joyous calm;  
And pardon to the contrite soul  
While the eternal ages roll.  
Listen now! what comfort dwells  
In the music of these bells.

Hark! now tolls the passing bell,  
On the air it seems to swell,  
From a ripple to a wave  
Till the world seems ONE VAST GRAVE.  
Death's voice in the sunny air,  
What a mystery is there!  
We who listen will, in time,  
Have for us that solemn chime;  
And as we now bow the head  
As its solemn echoes sped,  
So for us—and none can say  
But it may be this very day!  
Once again the passing bell!  
What it telleth none can tell.

## PENDARVES GRANGE;

OR,

## THE SCAPEGOAT.

## CHAPTER X.—AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW CHARACTER.

It is Monday evening; Maude is sitting in her own little room, giving a lesson in drawing to a pretty, merry, black-eyed girl. Minnie, for that is her name, was an orphan, placed by chance apprentice to our heroine, and for whom the latter soon entertained a sister's affection. Minnie was, indeed, the only one of Maude's co-workers who shared the same home.

"I have had just a queer thought, dear Maude," said the pupil, with an arch look at her instructor.

"No great rarity with you, Minnie, I believe; but what may this especial one be?"

"Well, then, Maude, were you not a lady before you were an embroiderer?"

"Am I not a lady now?" replied Maude, a shade, as if of displeasure, flitting across her brow.

"Oh, indeed you are, dearest Maude; but do not look so angry, and I will not again ask so foolish a question," said Minnie.

At this moment Mr. Lisborne and James entered the room, accompanied by the landlady of the house; but to Maude's astonishment the trio wore strangely ruffled features, and she exclaimed—

"In Heaven's name, what has happened to you all?"

"Oh, Miss Lisborne, such a sad affair! Only to think that we should have been living upon the very brink of suicide without knowing it," said the landlady.

"Suicide! What mean you?" rejoined Maude.

"A mere attempt, my dear," interposed Mr. Lisborne.

"A mere attempt, indeed!" echoed the landlady. "Well, I will tell you. Going into my bedroom about an hour since, I was surprised with a strong scent of smoke. For the minute I thought it might be mere fancy, but the longer I remained the stronger it became. Suddenly it occurred to me that it might proceed from the next room, which is let to a Mr. Smith. I endeavored to open the door, but found it was fastened inside; and to my surprise the keyhole was filled up with paper. That I removed, and looking through, I was nearly blinded by the smoke that issued out. Upon a further trial, not being able to force the door, I ran downstairs in a terrible fright, and fortunately met those two gentlemen, who—"

"To shorten the narrative," again interposed Mr. Lisborne, "I soon ran upstairs and opened the door, and at the risk of being stifled (for the room was filled with smoke) broke the window-panes, and then discovered a young man, apparently in the last agonies of suffocation. However, by timely appliances, we succeeded in rendering his suicidal attempt abortive; for that he had attempted death by the French charcoal method there could be no doubt, from the appearance of

the room, every crevice of which seemed to have been made airtight."

"What could have caused such a rash and wicked act?" observed Maude, musingly.

"Alas! poor young man! he is, I believe, quite friendless, and in the most abject poverty; although, since he has been here, he has made many unsuccessful efforts to obtain employment. The fear of absolute starvation, alone, I believe to have been the cause," said the kind-hearted landlady.

"Terrible! shocking!" muttered Maude.

"Not an uncommon melodramatic reality, as we should discover, if it were possible just to lift the outer crust of society, and follow the ramifications of the veins of misery with which it is intersected. It is an old tale—oft told in fiction, and oftener acted in real life—losses and disappointments, and an attempt to bury them in the Lethe of self-murder," said Mr. Lisborne.

"I cannot but believe that I have met him at my reading-rooms," pensively observed James.

"And I, that I have seen him before. However, to-morrow will solve the mystery," added Mr. Lisborne.

"Well, Maude," said James, meeting her next morning, "he really proves to be my coffee-house acquaintance; but what is a more curious coincidence, your father has recognised him also as an old friend."

Leaving Maude to meditate upon the discoveries, James hastened to his daily avocation. In less than an hour after Maude was surprised by the entrance of the mysterious stranger himself.

"I know not how to apologise for this intrusion, Miss Lisborne, remembering as I do so vividly your prohibition and my own folly," said he; and then with faltering voice added, "without, indeed, it is in my gratitude to your kind father, who has sent me here thus unannounced."

"Then, as I feared, it is you, Mr. Pendarves; but you are yet ill. Is this right—is it safe for your health that you should so soon venture from your room?" replied Maude in a nervous, twittering tone, at the same time seizing both his hands with joy.

"Indeed, I am well in all but mind, and that alone is in your power to cure, Maude; but can you, will you pardon this weak, disgraceful act?"

"My pity, regret, sympathy, you have, Hugo; for pardon you must seek where alone the power of granting it is vested."

Maude—Miss Lisborne, even this is more than I deserve. How, tell me how I may repay this heavy debt," said Hugo, clutching her hand, which he covered with kisses.

"By forgetting it. What you were, Hugo, I have forgotten, and am happy that you are not, since it has led to such results. I have heard of your troubles—the causes I do not wish to know; but one question—are you moneyless—is all your property lost?"

"All; nay, more—I am indebted yet."

"But, Mrs. Pendarves—your mother, has she not saved some portion from the wreck?"

"My mother, Maude, has long indeed been a wreck, having foundered upon her son's extravagance and a lawyer's villainy. Maude—Maude—she is dead," and Hugo's face was covered with tears as he told the bitter tale.

"This is indeed shocking," said Maude, with deep emotion.

"Shocking—no, nothing of the kind—too strong a term for the mere loss of money," said Mr. Lisborne, who had been in the room some minutes unobserved by the talkers. "Upon the whole, it will result in his own good, for money, in the pockets of a man who knows not its proper use, is as great an incumbrance as a millstone round his neck. No, Mr. Pendarves, never despair at its loss; you have known the miseries of its possession, rejoice now that you are rid of it. The time has come—brought by poverty—when you will achieve success. I have not forgotten that you are a genius in engraving and design."

"A happy thought indeed, if I could but find employment; then, perhaps, that which I once sought as an amusement might gain me a livelihood. For one long month have I been fruitlessly seeking employment in this great metropolis."

"And but a short period, too, Mr. Pendarves. Your search has been for something gentleman-like, of course. Why, sir, there are more candidates than vacancies in this great city for that particular gentlemanly something. Take my advice, Mr. Pendarves; consider yourself in a new colony, and resolve upon living by the labor of your hands alone. See what Maude has done; she found gentility did not pay, and therefore bartered the genteel for the real—show for independence. Follow her example. Pass, then, I say, at once from the dreamy to the wakeful."

"I should be but too happy; but I know no art like glass-engraving and drawing, and those but superficially," replied Hugo, despondingly.

"The will, the determination is all sufficient; a little more tuition, and you will be successful—the materials, and we will mould them into shape—will we not, Maude?"

Maude replied in the affirmative.

"Your wishes shall be realised—your smiles shall make me carve a path for myself yet, Maude," said Hugo, vehemently.

"Pooh, pooh!" answered Maude, "no romantic carving, Hugo. A definite employment, well worked out, is the only sure road to success. As for my smiles, they will come all in good time, when the work is done."

"An agreement, then," said the now happy Hugo.

"As you will; but I must now leave you." And Maude left the old master and pupil arranging plans for the future.

A bright star has arisen among the clouds of Hugo's misfortunes; it is his polar star, and he is bent on following its course unwaveringly.

## CHAPTER XI.—TIME HAS WORKED WONDERS.

To pluck out rooted habits is ever a work worthy of a modern Hercules, but to extract, at one pull such foul weeds, at twenty-five, is a palpable impossibility: for we have no more faith in the kill-or-cure system in morals than in medicine. The transformation must be gradual, but sure; a large webwork of conscious power must be netted around a conviction—a faith in the possible; then, under culture and care, it may be extended and developed by the interest which centres itself in the great object upon which faith is founded. Habits are but fragile and easy of removal, under guidance of will, while young; but age changes them to petrifications. To tell how Hugo kept removing these cobweb habits, and how that, as fast as he did so, the little spider Irresolution refixed them; and how that Hugo, over and over again, swept them away, and that the spider kept building and rebuilding them, again and again, until the spider, finding that the old holes and corners of his brain became too clean and healthy, and how that the spider never did entirely become so weakened that at last he fell into a state of torpor—would take more space than we can find, each removal and replacing having its own little history. Reduced to the lowest point of life's competition—bread-wanting—he looked up to where had fallen from, with regret, it is true, but with a new vision, and one so clear, that he could see every nook and projection in the rock of life against which he had been bruised in his downward fall; and those bruising-points he had determined to make the means of his re-ascension. Having, in a manner, lost his power of choosing his companions, he is compelled to constant association with a mere mechanic—an intelligent one, truly, but yet to him but a mechanic; and as he rubs the dust from his eyes he soon finds, in one of this obdurate, stupid class of animals, a friend who opens to him a thousand resources of instruction and amusement; where he had expected stupidity he finds sagacity and sound sense, in combination with such a warmth of heart as he had never before known. It may not be understood that the advantage of the friendship which had grown up between Hugo and James Rothsay was all upon the side of the former. It was a happy junction; the one having that polish which education can alone give, was like the sparkling of the jewel without its value, and the latter the jewel, without the polish of the lapidary. It was a fair exchange of the advantages. It was the type of two classes, exhibited to each other, without artificial coloring or covering—man and man.

Fifty months have passed away, and Hugo is at least fifty times happier. He has had no time to be miserable; with a natural talent for design and a taste for the art which had become his livelihood, and under the direction of Mr. Lisborne, Hugo in a few months became efficient enough to earn a bare subsistence. It might have been better had he not spoiled so many articles in his attempts. However, time, with his usual kindness to the persevering, soon rubbed down the rough edges of inexperience, and Hugo had become a workman—more, an artist; and his master became very proud of him, as much for his steady perseverance as his real talents. At the end of four years, Hugo was no longer a dreamer, restless, irritable and irresolute. His mind being concentrated upon one pursuit, with one main object—hope—in view, each day brought more sunshine to his heart; he grew calmer, and out of the calmness came energy and fixity of purpose. The steady example of James Rothsay, by whose side he worked, was at first a prop to his mind; and the influence of, as it were, the shadow of Maude's mind over and around him, wafted him along easily and happily. Perfect in his profession, and admired for the new and admirable designs, the fruits of his hard study, Hugo had but one care, and that an all-absorbing one. Placed near each other for four years, the past had never been alluded to by either. Hugo had been working out his redemption, and Maude had been watching; both worked on their separate ways, but a heavy weight hung over Hugo when he thought of his promise to his mother; for should he succeed with Maude—and she had promised nothing—it was of no avail; he dared not disobey his mother's injunctions, however foolish that injunction now appeared to him, when placed in the full glare of enlightenment—folly the most abject. The more he pondered, the worse his case appeared to him; first, he would think it was a rash promise, and ought not to be obeyed; and neither, he felt assured, would his mother have enforced it had she lived; but yet he had promised, and that mind must be of questionable material that will willingly or lightly break a promise registered in Heaven by the death of a fond parent, and it was with a sad cloud over his hopes that Hugo welcomed the morn of Christmas Eve, and with an unsteady step and feverish pulse took his accustomed place in the engraving-room. Brooding the livelong day over his dilemma, with thoughts intent upon a far different object than the piece of work before him; consequently the latter suffered; it was too palpable even for him not to notice, and he sat doubly vexed, and brooding the more. How long he might have remained in this position is questionable, had not James Rothsay, who worked in a different room, informed him that he was wanted immediately by Mr. R. The two young men left the room together; Hugo to attend the summons of Mr. R., the senior partner, and James to seek Maude and her protégé Minnie, whom he found in the little sitting-room.

"Well, James, you can now dispense with my company, I suppose?" said Maude, smiling.

"It is of no use getting rid of you, you know it is not, Maude; your influence remains when you are absent yourself."

"And why should it not, you saucy young man," said Minnie, archly. "Pray, what objection can you have to the influence of so dear a friend?"

"Oh, none, certainly, since you wish it, Minnie," replied James, rather warm.

"Be quiet, both of you, do," said Maude. "Why, surely you are not jealous of me, James; I can't run away with her and marry her; and besides, you unreasonable fellow, have not I always promised my consent—circumstances agreeing? You know, sir, you came here to ask her for the gift of her hand by way of a Christmas-box; and is it not the third time of asking, when it ought only to have been the first? and have we not refused you twice already?"

"I didn't ask you both, you know, Maude," said James, laughing; "and so I don't see why you should always add me."

"Be quiet, James," said Minnie; "have not I always told you that Maude was my attorney in the matter?"

"Like most other foolish young men, you would have taken unto yourself an encumbrance. You will have—when you get her, mind—an independence instead, in Minnie, not a pecuniary one all at once, but one by instalments; in good truth, as you know, James, Minnie can earn her own livelihood; and either the power of doing that, or sufficient to keep her—whether it is of her own bringing or the dower of her richer bridegroom—every young woman ought to take to the altar with her."

"But every man ought to be proud of working for his wife; and I can do that well, as you know, Maude," replied James, with an air of offended dignity.

"Well, Mr. Great and Independent Man, if she don't, she can work for you also, and a store, you know, is no sore," said Maude.

"I beg your pardon," said James, taking Maude's hand, which the latter withdrew, saying:

"No, sir, don't, Minnie may be jealous; and now, since what you told me yesterday of advancing in your own prospects, I resign Minnie into her own hands."

"And since I am so unused to being without a guide and protector, and am consequently at a loss to know what to do with myself, I make the present to you as a Christmas-box, James," said Minnie.

"Thanks—a thousand thanks—dear Min; and I will lock the prize up in my heart, and you shall have the keeping of the key. How sorry I am poor Hugo is not here to ask a similar favor from some one else, Maude. By-the-way, he was compelled to go without seeing you, Maude."

"Go—gone!" echoed Maude, in a tone of alarm.

"What do you mean, James?"

"True; how foolish of me, Maude. I had forgotten you knew nothing about it. He was obliged to leave about an hour since for Manchester, upon pressing business, which our head partner could not do himself, and would trust to no one else—not even your humble servant. He may return to-morrow, and he may be some days yet. However, don't cry, Maude," he added, laughing.

"Hush!" replied Maude, putting her finger to her lips, and leaving the room, as both Minnie and James thought, with a tear in her eye.

"Oh, my dear foolish Maude, I know she will break her heart for that disagreeable fellow, Hugo, whom I know she loves, although she will not own it," said Minnie.

"Pooh! pooh! my dear little wife; people do not break their hearts now-a-days for the loss of anything but money," replied James, laughing.

After the above dialogue, the reader need scarcely be informed that Maude had made a shrewd guess, upon a former occasion, as to the state of James's heart. Refused by Maude, he treated it as a mistake, and as he already half loved Minnie, he soon concentrated the whole of his loving powers upon her. This once done, he had incessantly worried both pupil and teacher to expedite the match. But Maude had determined that they should both be in a definite pecuniary position ere she would give her consent. The position was gained, and as we have seen, the consent granted.

## CHAPTER XII.—A GOOD BEGINNING MADE IS THE FIRST STONE OF A GOOD ENDING LAID.

TIME had laid the first stone of a new year. It was the first of January—a bright, cold, clear day, and the air itself seemed crystallised; there was a biting frost, and the new year had come in as if it intended nipping up every fragment of its predecessor. Everything seemed prepared to begin again. The spirit of the new year was in everything that had heart in it. A bright hoar-frost hid in its chilly mantle the hearts of misers, and warmed by its covering the bosoms of the young and hopeful. Let us begin again, hung upon the boughs of the doorsteps, upon the uppermost branches of the trees, and upon the gravel walks at their feet. Let us begin again, tipped the roses upon the old heads, upon old doors, which performed the functions of knockers, and the live noses in the streets. Cats shrilled themselves up in the open air, as they forced themselves through the railings, and the little dogs ran about with crisp sounding bows. The heavy wagons and the coaches as they rolled along the roads, sent forth such reverberating sounds, that they might have been rolling over the surface of a monster drum. The hoar-frost seemed to have been gently shaken over the earth, by way of purification from all remnants of the old. To begin again. Oh, the fountains of regret that old experience finds in that sentence, as he dreams of the many chances he has thrown away, and the paths of success he has missed. To begin again is the sheet anchor of the irresolute, who loses the present in the bright vista of the new beginning; and the last idea was the wet blanket to the whole chain that had been running through the mind of Hugo as he walked to the lodgings of the Lisbornes upon that New Year's Day.

It was a holiday at Maude's upon New Year's Day; she would not have the new year commenced with care, trouble or anxiety. No, it was one of old time's birthdays, and she would have it kept merrily. Her own little room and her workroom had been thrown into one and decorated with hangings of laurel. Some hearts were holding an illumination, for a great victory had been obtained;



and now that the preparations were completed, the embroideress sat, beaming so brightly, that she might have served for the model of a statue, commemorative of the refutation of the deep-sunken notion that labor and dignity were antagonistic powers, whatever the rank they might be found to inhabit. Maude holds in her hand an open letter, bearing the Manchester postmark, which letter she had just perused for the twentieth time.

"Faith, Maude, one would fancy that letter to be written in Hindostani, and that you were determined not to lay it aside until you had mastered every word of it," said Mr. Lisborne, who had entered the room unperceived by his daughter.

"Well, my dear father, it is another proof of my conviction, that one cannot have too much of a good thing."

"But is it such a good thing, Maude?"

"Will you not agree with me when I tell you that it contains the information that Hugo returns here to-night?" said Maude.

"In time to congratulate me upon my good fortune in so successfully selling my vase. I am indeed glad."

"And he is no less so, my dear sir," said Hugo, "in having to receive your congratulations upon his own success."

"Ah, what, Hugo, my boy!" said James Rothsay, following upon the heels of Hugo. "I am happy, indeed. Congratulate me upon my approaching marriage, my boy. The little puss, Minnie, has made away with herself."

"This seems a happy moment," said Hugo, smiling and looking at each by turns, as if he knew not whom to address first.

"The toiled-for and well-deserved of four long years, Hugo," said Maude.

"And far happier than you yourself deem, my dear Hugo," said Mr. Lisborne, observing a cloud passing over Hugo's features. "But tell us your good news; we are dying with anxiety to hear it."

"Well, my good friends, Mr. P. is so much pleased with the manner in which I have transacted some very intricate and delicate affairs for him, and, as he is pleased to say, with my last year's progress in and attention to his business, that he has given me a separate department and with it a salary of two hundred a year."

"Hugo, you are a noble fellow to have thus worked out your redemption. It has been hard and toilsome work. But tell me, has it brought you all the gratification—the happiness—you wish?" said Mr. Lisborne.

"Alas! no, sir; it never can. I must continue, as I ever have been, the scapegoat of circumstances."

"Tush, man! Men make their own circumstances—at least, if they don't quite do that they make circumstances their own slaves, scapegoats. You have been the scapegoat of your own passions. No man or woman is scapegoat to anything but their own passions or follies."

"These dull clouds will pass away, and happier days are near," interposed Maude, with a smile.

"Alas! dear Maude, you know not how fearfully I have been guilty to you—to myself—to all," replied Hugo.

"Oh! I shall be in the way now, I can see," said James, laughing, "and therefore will decamp."

"No, James," said Maude.

"I tell you it is so, Maude; and you, that are so good a mistress, are not mistress of yourself now. However, I am gone," replied James, pertinaciously leaving the room.

"Maude, need I tell you now, before your father, how I have loved you?"

"No, Hugo; nor that you deserve a return. I am no coquette, dear Hugo. I admired you in prosperity, in misfortune I deeply pitied you, but in your struggles to retrieve your lost position, I learned to love you as I do now."

"Heavens! Maude, say no more, or you will turn my brain. I dare not return it. I tell you I dare not; for if I do a mother's curse will hang over our heads."

"Hugo Pendarves," replied Maude, erecting herself to her full height, "do I hear aright? Do you refuse me? Explain; I cannot for my life understand this," and Maude buried her head in her hands.

"Now, Hugo, what mean you?" said Mr. Lisborne, warmly; but added, in a far different tone: "Pshaw! you are a fool, boy! This is a relapse into your old complaint of sentimentalism. Come, explain, sir."

"May Heaven forget me in the dispensation of its mercies, if I have other than the most intense love for my noble Maude," replied Hugo, taking her hand. "It was my mother's will—my poor mother's command—that—"

"Out with it, sir—every word of that command—that promise," said Mr. Lisborne, perceiving Hugo's reluctance.

"Well, sir, I will. I promised never to marry beneath myself in birth. It was her dying command; and however now I may feel conscious where the real superiority of birth is, I cannot defer from the spirit by mean subterfuge."

"You would indeed be worthless if you did, Hugo; it is a fatal barrier to our hopes, but we will continue friends," said Maude, with agony.

"Pooh, pooh! You are a couple of donkeys. We will soon recall about this. It is my turn now. Did I not tell you, you young dog, that you would be happier than you expected?"

"For Heaven's sake, what mean you? You cannot—"

"Tush, tush, young people; one at a time, if you please," and then, addressing Hugo, he asked: "And pray, Mr. Hugo, who the deuce was your mother?"

"A lady, sir," was the reply, as if it had been the proud lady's spirit answer.

"Doubtless. We are all—no, no, hang it! we're not all ladies, certainly—but, I mean, so is

Maude, my daughter. I mean, sir, who was she before she was married to your father?"

"Strange though it may be to your ears, Mr. Lisborne, I never knew more than that she was an only daughter, but of whom I know not—she never told me; and her own parents having been dead so many years, she never had occasion to recur to the subject; in fact, she ever shunned it. I know no more."

"Then I do, Hugo; she and I were brother's children, but I the worthier in law, because from the eldest brother, as you will find hereafter."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Hugo, surprised.

"And why so, young man? Are you to learn, now that most great people have close connections, in the shape of very little ones, not far from them? But to continue my story: The aforesaid two brothers came not from a very happy race. An elder brother of theirs, in his boyhood, had gone abroad, leaving the two, till their dying day, in ignorance of his whereabouts. The two had started in life under similar circumstances, but my father lost in the race of fortune between them. Your mother's father united himself to a fine lady, just out of the bread-and-butter-getting classes, and with a very little money and very large notions. This union at once disunited the two brothers. However, their histories have the common summary—they both died, the one leaving me to fight my way upward with the world, the other leaving his daughter, your mother, under the care of his wife; and the latter soon made up her mind that her daughter should—she would for her—hunt till she should run down a real gentleman. Your father was the happy man, and happy he certainly was, for no two people ever lived happier together. They lived, as you know, at Boulogne, where, the mother dying, left the young couple comparatively penniless, for her income had arisen from an annuity which ceased at her death. With more luck than falls to most mortals, an attorney soon sought Mrs. Pendarves as the only remaining and nearest relative of an old man, a client of his, who had died abroad, leaving his fortune to his nearest relation."

"And that nearest relation?" said Hugo.

"Was supposed to be your mother," continued Mr. Lisborne.

"And my poor mother was the innocent perpetrator, and you the victim, of a fraud," said Hugo; "for to you the inheritance fell."

"Pshaw! Fraud! No—a mistake; for we were both innocent, for during the chief part of the time these events had been occurring, I was abroad, earning my living, and should have remained in perfect ignorance of all this had not chance thrown this very attorney in my way, and to whom I was recounting some little family affairs. The meeting with him took place upon a certain day some four years since."

"And I have squandered away this property," said Hugo. "Would that I could make restitution!"

"But you can't," said Mr. Lisborne.

"Except, indeed, by acknowledging that such a proof of non-equality of birth exists between us that would have satisfied your poor mother, Hugo," added Maude, archly.

"Dear Maude! Generous girl!" said Hugo.

"And now, Hugo, you find that you are not the first scapegoat in your family, nor was your mother the first member who attempted, in vain, the patriarch's attribute of founding a family; for my old, obstinate uncle left his money to his nearest relation, not relations, for that purpose, that his money, being concentrated in one family, might shine with lustre. And, you see, it fell to the wrong one, and that wrong one—inheriting his passion—failed in the working of it out, because a scapegoat, and left you—another scapegoat. But of this enough; what is done can't be helped. You lost a fortune, wanting self-reliance; poverty has given you that prop, and in it a fortune. May you be happy."

And they were happy, henceforth; and as his happiness had grown out of action, so, by continued activity, did Hugo preserve it.

Reader, we leave no one rich, but all, by their own exertions, placed somewhat high up the steps of prosperity. Hugo had commenced life, what is commonly called fortunately; a misdirected education of his powers had wrought ruin out of his fortune, but he proved that ruin is not invariably an incurable disease, and being purged of the causes of that ruin, he began again, and the result is that now he is the chief partner in one of the most respectable and prosperous of our glass firms, trading under the name of Pendarves & Rothsay.

And Maude, having been prosperous in earning an independent living for herself and in the teaching of others the same art, although transferred to another sphere, is not the less sanguine in her hopes of founding a system whereby women may, if they follow her advice, become not the less valuable when they are wives because a proper and lucrative employment leaves them, as girls, neither inclination nor time to parody Diogenes, by making their beauty a lantern with which to search about the world to find a well-to-do, and to-be-done, husband.

One department of her husband's factory employs many intelligent and ladylike young women, who exhibit, under the teaching of their partner's wives, Maude and Minnie, much emulative promise.

AN APPROPRIATE EPITAPH.—An old fellow, a coarse, ill-grained German, died one day. He was a disagreeable man and a bad neighbor; even the children feared and disliked him. One of his neighbors sated him just before his death if he was ready to go; to which he answered,

"Well," was the rejoinder, "if you are willing to die yourself, all your neighbors are willing you should."

At the grave, even, there was no one to say a good word for him, except one good-hearted old German, who remarked, as he turned away to go home,

"Vill, he was a good smoker!"

This was the "smoker's" only epitaph.

## THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY MARTHA H. BOARD.

Out in the fields, the sun to-day  
Shines slanting down with welcome heat,  
And wandering on in dreamy way,  
The bare crisp earth warms to my feet.

The dead brown grass seems browner still  
With amber sunshine o'er it thrown,  
Save at the base of some steep hill  
Where careless waters wander on.

And gathered fields of golden grain,  
With stubble dying day and night,  
Would seem best draped with darkening rain,  
Than kissed by autumn's vain sunlight.

For all in vain its smiles are blithe,  
O'er meadow bare and harvest fields;  
It cannot rouse the soil to life,  
And no more grain the stubble yields.

I fold my hands and wander on  
O'er dreary fields, through narrow lanes,  
And wonder how such days can come  
While bloom and beauty die with pains.

Though more congenial to decay  
Would clouds and lowering tempests be  
Than this calm light, which day by day  
The sun sheds down upon the lea.

Or this soft air, which wraps me round  
With dreams as hazy as itself,  
Or takes me back o'er long passed ground,  
Where walked my earlier, happier self.

But 'tis a pretty thought to think  
That, as their tasks are all well done,  
Though standing on life's furthest brink,  
Still smiles for them this well-loved sun.

And thinking this I reach the woods,  
Bright colored as with tropic dyes,  
And waking from my dreamy mood  
The flashing radiance dims my eyes.

I know the grandeur of the days  
That fill the Indian summer time  
Should call from me more cheerful lays,  
That rich wove thoughts should now be mine.

Yes, thoughts as wondrous as the tints  
That glow along the woods to-day,  
Which, dying now, give glorious hints  
Of beauty that shall live for aye.

But standing 'neath a tree whose leaves  
Are crimsoned as by sunset's fire,  
The same sad song my fancy weaves,  
The same sad strain floats from my lyre.

For with such dread my heart goes out  
To other fields as red as this,  
With scarlet leaves all strewn about,  
And die all roseate thoughts of bliss.

The death of heroes stops my song—  
O'er them alone my tears may fall;  
For those the spring will come ere long,  
But these no earthly spring recall.

## How Labatut Served the Yankee.

MANY years ago there lived in New York a dealer in mahogany and other fine woods used by cabinet-makers, by name Labatut, and I have some indistinct recollection that his old sign, with a goodly number of initials before the name, could be seen a few years since in one of the streets that cross Broadway. Labatut stood high in his calling; his judgment was that of a Solomon on all that related to woods, and when a cargo was laid out on the wharf to be sold by Hoffman, or Pell, or some other auctioneer of the time, old Labatut was to be seen preparing for the day of the vendue.

A sharp Eastern man having some money for a venture, heard of the great profits made by sending mahogany to London, and resolved to put his mite in a speculation of that kind. But he knew nothing about woods. He could indeed tell a log of mahogany from pine, oak, chestnut or black walnut. He could make a fair guess as to how it would run, whether it would turn out hollow or decayed, but that was all. So he hit upon a plan. He would wait for the next vendue and watch old Labatut, and so he did.

The old man came as usual and began his rounds, came in hand. He examined a log, tapped it here and there with his walkingstick, and, being satisfied, marked it on his catalogue. The next log did not meet his views, he shook his head and went on. The next was better and out came his catalogue. Just as he had marked it and stepped down, a fit of sneezing seized him, and partly turning, he saw one friend taking down the marks of the same log. Nettled at this, he formed his plan, and without seeming to have noticed the spectator he went on examining. At every bad log he showed signs of great satisfaction, spent considerable time and took the marks down carefully. His pupil did the same, and when the cargo had been gone through, both went home satisfied, our spectator rubbing his hands in huge glee at the expected remittance from London some bright day.

When the sale came off, Labatut sent a friend not known in town to buy logs he had not marked, and he himself was on hand to bid with his friend. Labatut bid on the first log and ran it up, but let the other have it. The next both passed, and it went low. The spectator got the next. Then came a bad log—Labatut bid it up. Men in the trade stared at him in wonder, but up it went, the bids came thick and fast, and Labatut at last let it go. The other got it at about the highest price ever paid in New York. So they ran through the catalogue, and the spectator having bought a good number of logs, shipped them to London at once, assuring the consignee that they were a splendid lot, selected by Labatut, the best judge of woods in New York. He then waited patiently for the account sales, with its E. & A. bottom, and £. s. d. enough to satisfy his heart's content.

The letter came at last, and he read it through in amazement. His consignee was astonished—some mistake somewhere—knew Mr. Labatut by reputation

—but the wood was a refuse lot, not a good stick in it—would not pay to keep—sold it to the best possible advantage—it did not quite pay duties, freight, commissions and expenses—hoped that he would not lose much, etc., etc.

Thunderstruck and frantic, he seized his hat and rushed off to Labatut's office, and opened a field battery on the old man.

"You have swindled me, sir. You imposed upon me, you villain."

"My dear sir," said the old gentleman, blandly, taking a pinch of snuff, for he recognized his man at once and was too amused to lose his temper, "you must be mistaken. You are not a customer of mine. I never sold you a bill of goods."

"No, but you misled me at—sale last March and made me buy a lot of trash!"

"My dear sir, I never advised you to buy."

"Well, but you marked the bad logs so as to take me in."

Some others had entered the office, and at this a roar of laughter followed. The case was clear; the poor fool saw his own ludicrous position and retreated.

The public soon learned why Labatut lost his wits at the March sale and bid so high on worthless logs.

## THE WAR IN MISSISSIPPI.

Gen. McPherson at Brownsville and Clinton.

To facilitate the movements of the Union armies near Chattanooga, and divert the rebel forces from hastening to the relief of Bragg, Gen. McPherson marched from Vicksburg on the 13th of October. On the 17th he came up with the enemy in a strong position on the Canton road, ten miles beyond Brownsville, and after a short, sharp fight routed them, our men charging gallantly over the bridge and through the tall grass and corn to the enemy's line.

The next day he entered Clinton, in Hind's county, on the Vicksburg and Jackson railroad, a handsome, thriving place in other days, and the seat of Mississippi College. His gallant troops broke the Sabbath stillness of the place as they marched in, and rebel guerrillas scattered on all sides in flight. Gen. McPherson then proceeded to Canton, and finally returned to Vicksburg, after destroying rebel mills and factories, alarming all the neighboring stations. His loss amounted to but one man killed.

## A BED TO HIMSELF.

DURING the height of the summer travel in New Hampshire this season, when it was impossible for the hotels to accommodate all with rooms or even beds, the following amusing incident occurred at the Pavilion Hotel, Wolfboro', as related by the Dover Gazette:

One night, when every hole and corner of the house was filled to overflowing from cellar to "sky parlor," a young swell from Boston entered, and with a very important air, demanded a room to himself.

"Very sorry," was the reply, "but we are full; every room has at least four in it, even to the coal-hole and dog-kennel."

Sweli insisted, but to no purpose, and at last he would put up with a bed in a well-aired room. Even this was not to be had, and he became abusive because he could not be accommodated.

Dunton, the landlord, who knows how to "keep a hotel," and does everything in his power for the comfort and convenience of his guests, stood the abuse as long as possible, until, for release, he was to be a virtue, when quickly stepping up to the swell, he put his hand on his shoulder and said:

"You shall have a bed in a well-aired room; come with me," and started for the back door, at the same time whispering to his dog Jack: he led him out into the garden, until he came to a big tree of oaks. "There, says Dunton, 'is a bed all to yourself, and your room is well-aired; go to bed at once.'"

Sweli begged hard to be let off, but it was no use; he had to stretch himself out, and Jack was ordered to watch him; several times during the night he tried to escape, but a growl from the dog kept him quiet until morning, when he was released as a sinner if not a wiser man. He did not stop for breakfast, as the story had spread, but he left at once for parts unknown.

## THE RESULT OF STREET EDUCATION.

KEEP your children off the streets.

By that we mean, do not let them make acquaintances on the sidewalks. If they frequent the public schools, you must establish a sort of verbal quarantine at your own door, and examine the youthful tongue once a day, to see if it has not a secretion of slang upon it.

Mrs. Careful's little son Manfred came running into the paternal mansion the other day, shouting to the cook:

"Now then, old girl, slap up that dinner."

"Why! Manfred!" began the astonished mother, "where did you learn such language? who have you been playing with?"

"Me," said the hopeful. "I generally play with Dick Turner, cause he's a bully boy with a glass eye. That's so."

The fold mother was about to express some astonishment at the optical misfortune of Dick, when the son, out loud:

"Me, I'm going to buy a plug. Jim Smith wears one, and I'm as big as he is."

"A plug," gasped the mother.

"Yes, sirree, a plug. I've got the spondee-lucks salted down in my box, sure; it's bound to come."

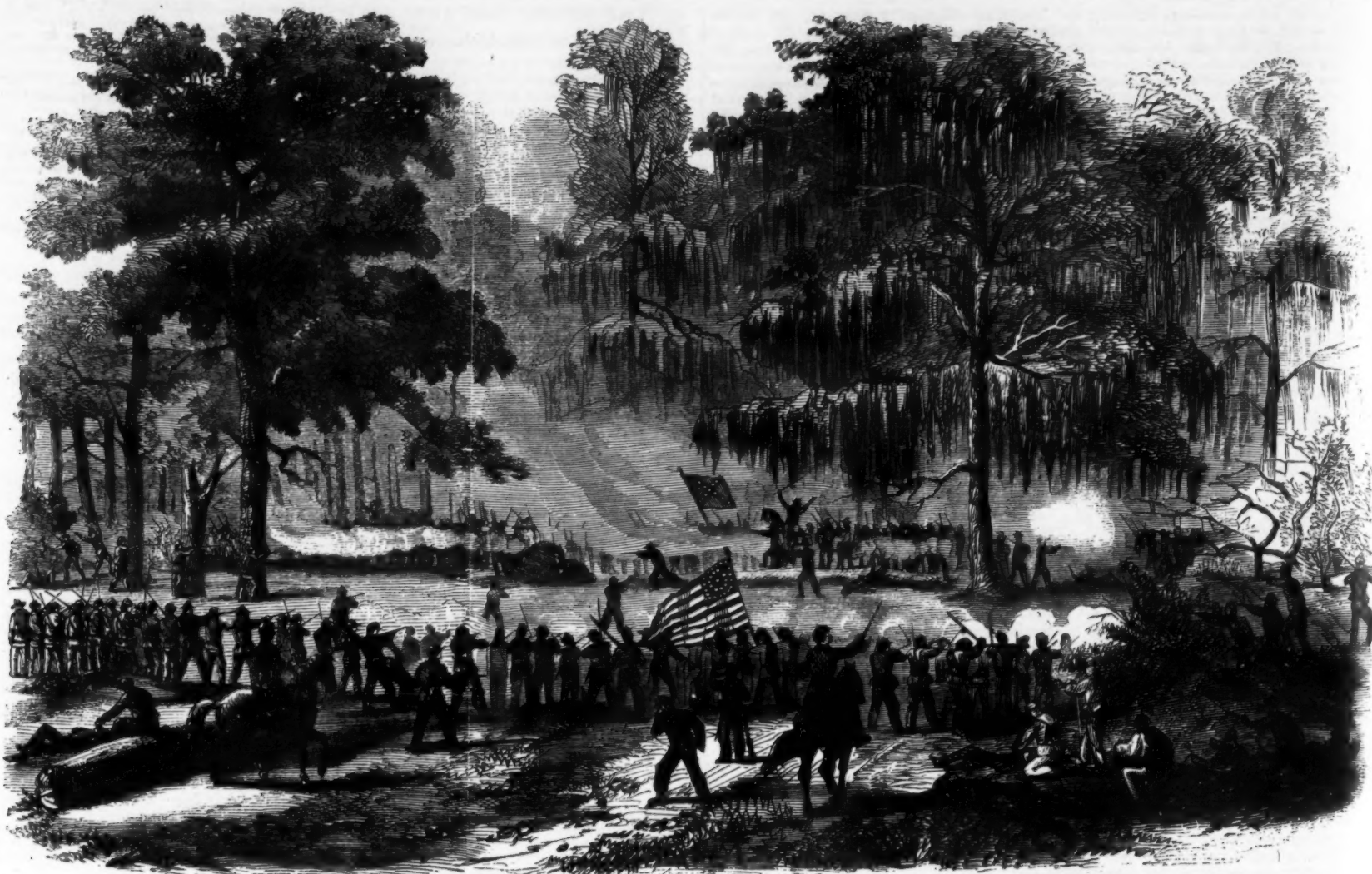
The mother at this juncture ordered the youngster upstairs, and sent for a man servant to interpret the "lang."

"ME OR MY MOTHER?"—A very talented young man made the acquaintance of a Quaker gentleman and his wife. The Quaker had a fine daughter and also a library, the books from which he freely loaned to the young man, who generally came in the evening to return them, when he supposed the daughter would be at home. She often exchanged the books for him, and had a friendly chat with him. One evening he came as usual, and the young lady met him at the door. She was dressed to go out, and said: "Who would you like to see, me or my mother? I was about to call on a friend. If my mother will answer your purpose, please to walk in the drawing-room; but if you desire my company I will permit my visit till any time." The young man hesitated and stammered: "H—he did not—not want to detain her from her engagement, but if she has not been going out he would have enjoyed her society."

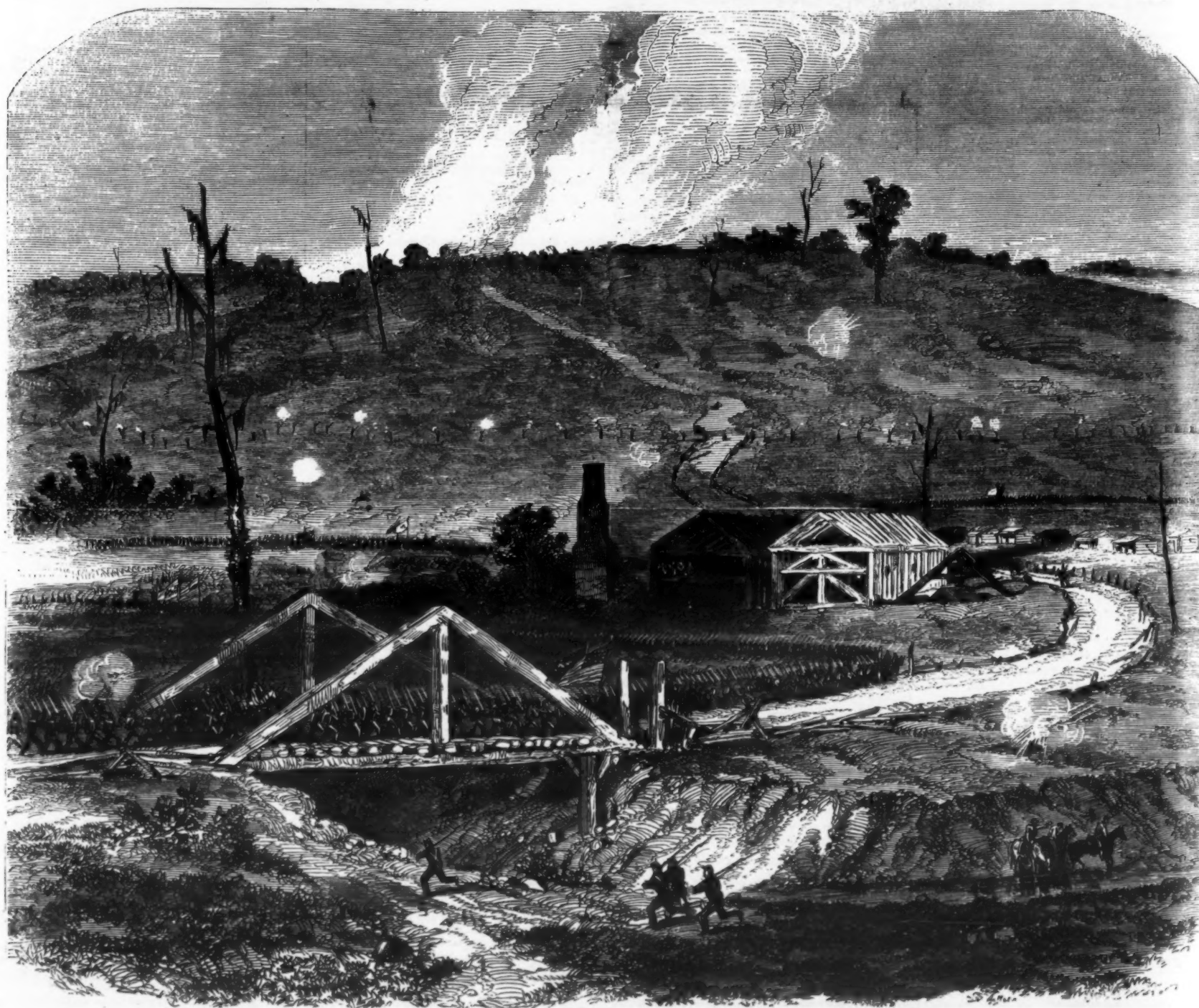
"All right," she rejoined, and accordingly took off her bonnet, and they passed a very pleasant evening. That question—Who do you prefer to see—me or my mother?—settled the matter. The result was he soon proposed, and they were afterwards married.

An ingenious person has discovered that the three most forcible letters in our alphabet are N, R, & J; that the two which contain nothing are M, T; that four express great corpulence, O, B, C; that two are in a decline, D, K; that four indicate exalted station, X, L, N, G; and three excite our tears, yet, when pronounced together, are necessary to a good understanding—L, E, G.





THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BATTLE OF GRAND COTEAU, LA., NOV. 3—FURIOUS REBEL ATTACK ON THE 60TH INDIANA, COL. OWEN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE WAR IN MISSISSIPPI—GENERAL M'PHERSON DRIVING THE ENEMY FROM THEIR POSITION ON THE CANTON ROAD, NEAR BROWNSVILLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHILL.



## FRANCESCO MAZZOLENI.

SIGNOR MAZZOLENI, one of the greatest of the lyric artists of the Italian Opera in America, was born Sept. 28, 1830, at Sebenico, in Dalmatia, of an ancient and distinguished house. His father was an advocate, and Francesco was destined for the legal profession. Having completed his course of study, he was, in 1854, about to take his degree of doctor of laws in the University of Vienna, when an accident changed his career. Coming out of the opera one evening with a group of young friends, they began to sing snatches of the music, when Mazzoleni's wonderful voice attracted the attention of the celebrated tenor, Basadonna, who was walking by in company with the baritone Debasini. They at once accosted him, and an appointment was made for the next day. Mazzoleni became the pupil of Basadonna, and in five months, by his care, became an accomplished artist. He was then at once secured by Ronzani, the impresario, and appeared in the Teatro of Trieste in "I Lombardi." His success was such that he became a general favorite. In "Don Cesar di Bazan" and "La Zingara" he was equally successful and thus in a few months found himself in a position on the lyric stage seldom reached even by years of application. His voice is a tenor of exceeding beauty, his acting fine, his countenance expressive, his comprehensive grasp and rendering of his part in the highest degree felicitous.

Our illustration, from a photograph by Fredericks, represents him in one of his most successful rôles, that of Glauco, in "Ione," the opera founded on the "Last Days of Pompeii," by Bulwer.

## THE WAR IN LOUISIANA.

The Battle of Grand Coteau, Nov. 3.

THE rebels seem soon to have found that the troops in Louisiana had been weakened by the movement of Gen. Banks. The army on the Teche, consisting of two divisions of the 19th army corps, under Weitzel and Grover, two of the 13th corps under Washburne and Burbridge, all under Major-Gen. Franklin, had fallen back to Carrion Crow bayou and Vermilion bayou, already familiar to the readers of *Frank Leslie*. Burbridge's division was encamped in a dangerous position on the Opelousas road, more than three miles from Washburne.

On the 3d of November the enemy, about 6,000 strong, under Gen. Greene, attacked in force, but the 17th Ohio battery kept them at bay, supported by the 83d Ohio, the 60th Indiana watching the flank. A full moon occurred, and the 60th was sent to hold a bridge and small bayou on the skirt of the woods. This they did, and at last, by Burbridge's order, advanced till fired and foe were so mingled in strife that cannon could not be used; but at last the 60th Indiana, with the 96th Ohio and 23d Wisconsin, who came to its aid, fell back, the 23d losing their brave Colonel Greppay. In this retrograde movement the enemy's mounted Texas infantry surrounded the 67th Indiana, whose Colonel, though ordered to fall back, had kept his position. Gen. Burbridge in vain endeavored to save them with a section of the 17th Ohio battery, firing one of the guns himself, but the rebels closed around so that he had to suspend his fire for fear of killing his own men; and Lieut.-Col. Bushier, with 200 men, surrendered to the enemy. Our whole loss in killed, wounded and missing is put down at 67, one-half of the force. Gen. Burbridge was everywhere in the thickest of the fight, exhibiting the utmost gallantry, and had his orders been obeyed would have met but trifling loss, as the Texans had no sabres.

Our Artist sketches well the two prominent points of this action. Grand Coteau, near which the engagement took place, is a post village in the St. Landry parish on the Vermilion river, and contains a Jesuit college, which was in other years a very thriving institution, though probably now suspended.



SIGNOR FRANCESCO MAZZOLENI AS GLAUCO, IN THE OPERA OF "IONE."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

## THE RESCUE OF THE LEHIGH.

ONE of the most gallant things in the history of the war was the rescue of the monitor

Lehigh, when aground near Fort Sumter, on the 15th of Nov. The unnamed heroes were the surgeon and two men of the Nahant, who, when all on board, officers and men, volunteered, were selected by Ad-

miral Dahlgren to carry a line to the grounded monitor, amid the fire which the enemy were concentrating from every available battery on the spot. Undeterred by the fire, they pulled to the Lehigh and made a line fast, but it did not stand the strain, and parted in the attempt to tow her off. Twice in succession they repeated their dangerous trip, and finally succeeded in making fast a hawser, by which the Nahant at last relieved her consort from her dangerous position. The surgeon and his companions brought off untouched, unharmed, the unguarded lives they ventured. The brave tars were immediately made petty officers. The surgeon will, we trust, be better rewarded than that other heroic surgeon, Dr. Cornyn, was for his gallantry at Shiloh.

## THE CONTRAST.

The South once Happy, now Ruined.

THE war has seldom surged into the territory of the loyal States. The Border States, working out the insurmountable doom of slavery, invited the rebellious cotton lords to make their fertile acres the battlefield of the war which they madly began against the Government. In our middle page we contrast the South before the war and now. Striking as the contrast is, it is not overdrawn. Starvation cannot easily be rendered by the pencil; and starvation walks through the land. The tyrannical Government which they have taken on themselves thinks only of the army by whose breath it lives, and whose fall leaves them no escape from the gallows.

*Te Deum* laudamus was the chant when Sumter fell. The walls of the cathedral in Charleston where it resounded stand stark, solitary ruins; they keep up a mummbling *Te Deum*; the fished poor on every side, and those whose property has been destroyed by the soldiery, all chant their *Te Deum*, but it is beginning to be a prayer to God for vengeance on those who have brought misery in every conceivable form of horror on them.

Where are now the happy homesteads of the South under the old regime, for such there were? Fear, want, gloomy forebodings chill every home.

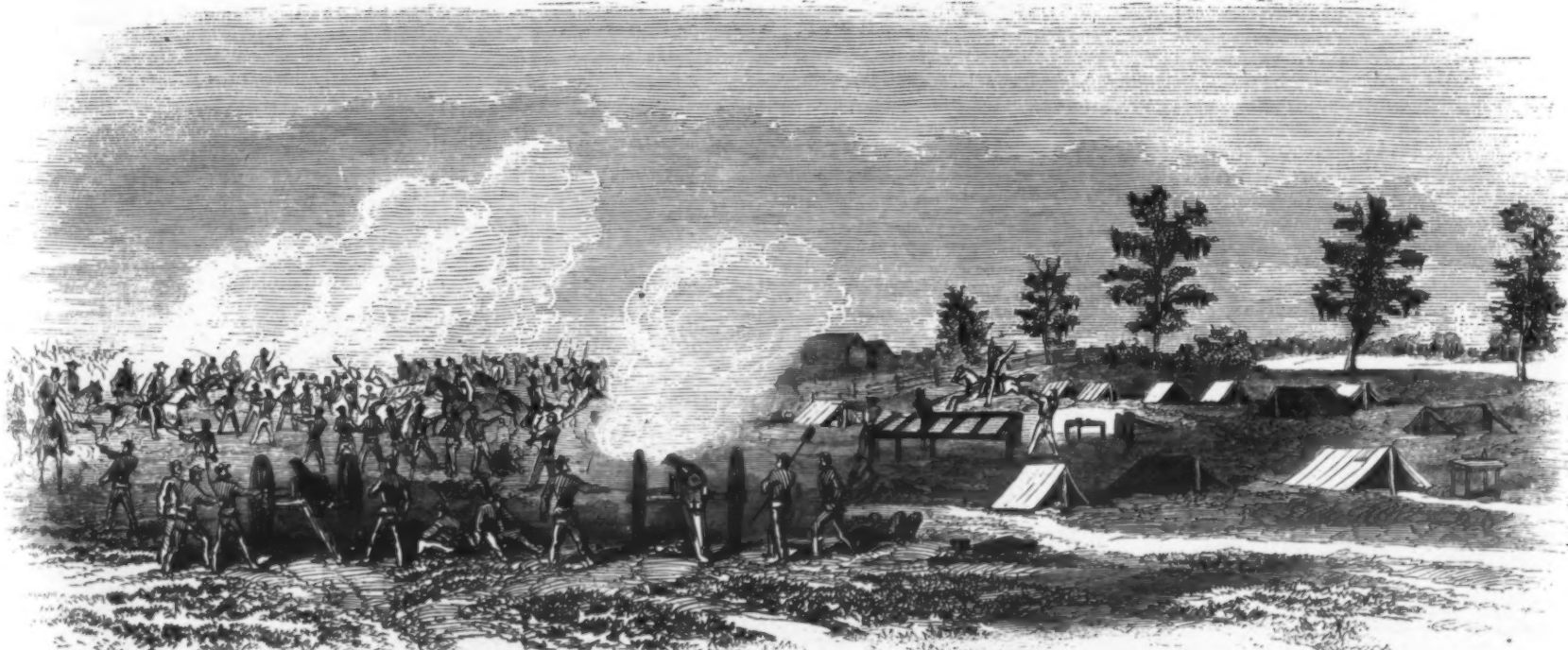
The great national works, the railroads, canals, bridges have been worn out or destroyed. See the picture of Southern soldiers under a Virginia general destroying the railroads of his native State and doing it so effectually that no moderate time or expense can restore them to its former usefulness. Stagnantly they work on, the sturdy forests of Virginia are hewn down to give fuel to warp and destroy the rails of her roads.

While the North is joining in a general THANKSGIVING on a day appointed by the present President of the United States, in this imitating the example of Washington, the South looks forward in hope to defeat and military disaster as a means of escaping famine and starvation.

Look on the picture and then feel how thankful we should indeed be how much reason we had on that day to unite in expressions of thanksgiving to the Almighty.

## REBEL PICKETS DISGUISED IN CEDAR BUSHES.

OUR Artist in Tennessee sends us a sketch of the last rebel device for shooting down our pickets. They have evidently been Shakespeare scholars and have learned a lesson from Macbeth. We have here not a whole wood marching, but single trees moving in the dusky twilight, cautiously and stealthily that their onward movement may be taken for the mere awaying of the trees in the wind. But the pickets in the third year of the war are quick of eye and quick of ear, and the hand on the trigger tells that some will fall in their cedar coffins, to lie with no other ceremonies of the grave and moulder away amid the crags and woods of that wild territory, which, echoing now to the tramp of armies, will, for the next decade in its history, be nearly tenantless.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BATTLE OF GRAND COTEAU, LA., NOV. 3—CAPTURE OF THE 67TH INDIANA BY THE TEXAS MOUNTED INFANTRY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. E. H. BONWILL



FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A GOOD anecdote is told of one of the Connecticut boys. While in conversation with a rebel, after the capture of Fort Pulaski, the latter said: "At least, with all our faults, we have never made wooden nutmegs." The Yankee, a very demure-looking specimen, innocently replied: "We do not make them of wood any longer," and pointing to one of the big projectiles lying near, which had breached the fort, added quietly, "we make them now of iron!"

THE BURIAL OF SIR THOMAS KITTEN.

Not a meow was heard, nor a feline note,  
As his corpse to the barnyard they hurried;  
Not a groan came forth from a mouse's throat,  
At the grave where the kitten they buried.

They buried him quickly, toward morning light,  
The earth with their paws a turning—  
With never a ray of the moon's pale light,  
Or ever a lantern burning.

His paws were folded across his breast—  
His tail it was twisted around him;  
And he lay like a tomat taking his rest  
With cats and kittens—confound him!

Not a tear was dropped, not a prayer was said,  
Not even a word of sorrow;  
But they thought, when they gazed on the face of the dead  
Of the fights they would have on the morrow.

They thought, when they hollowed his narrow bed,  
Without giving him ever a pillow,  
That many a row would be had o'er the head  
Of the long-tailed kitten—poor fellow!

And foes may talk light of the kitten that's gone,  
And through the dull earth try to scratch him;  
But never-a-ones, if they let him sleep on,  
Above the green sward will they catch him.

The whole of their heavy task was done,  
When a cock crowed the hour of sunrise;  
And the way they took to their heels and run,  
I vow, was truly surprising!

SOME years ago the Knickerbocker Magazine used to offer a dollar to the person who would make a rhyme to the word "window." The following is the "effort" of a successful rhymist:  
A cruel man a beetle caught,  
And to the wall him pinned, oh!  
Then said the beetle to the crowd,  
"Though I'm stuck up I am not proud,"  
And his soul went out at the window.

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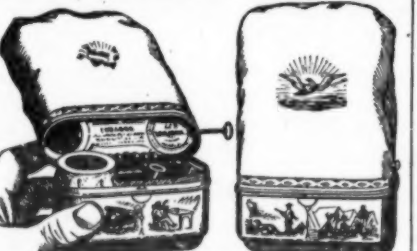
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10000 Sets of Ladies' Jewellery.....	5.00 to 10.00
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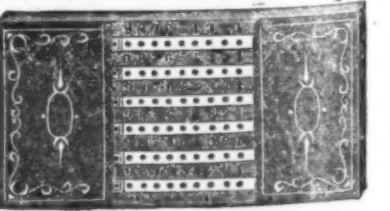


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